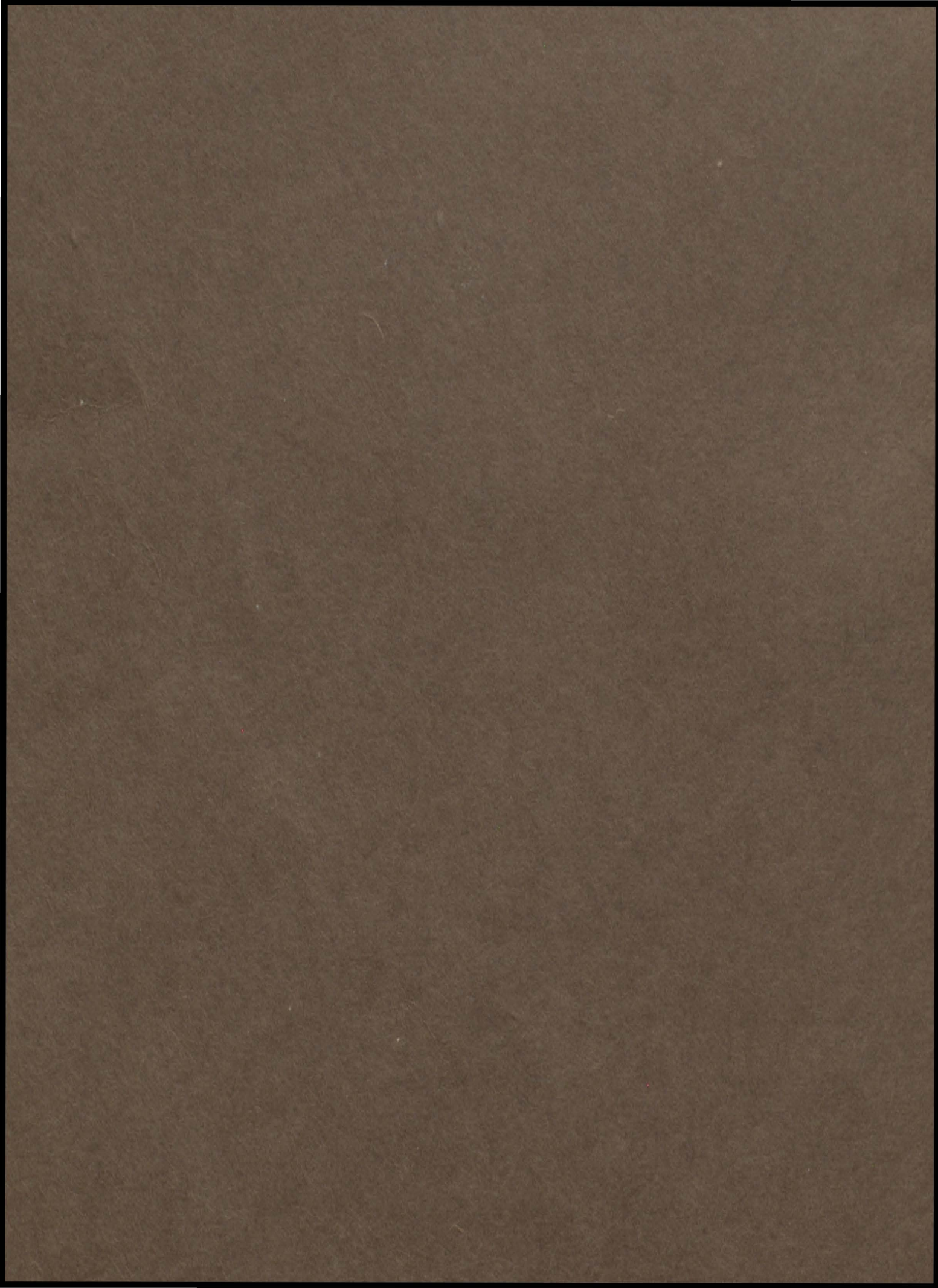
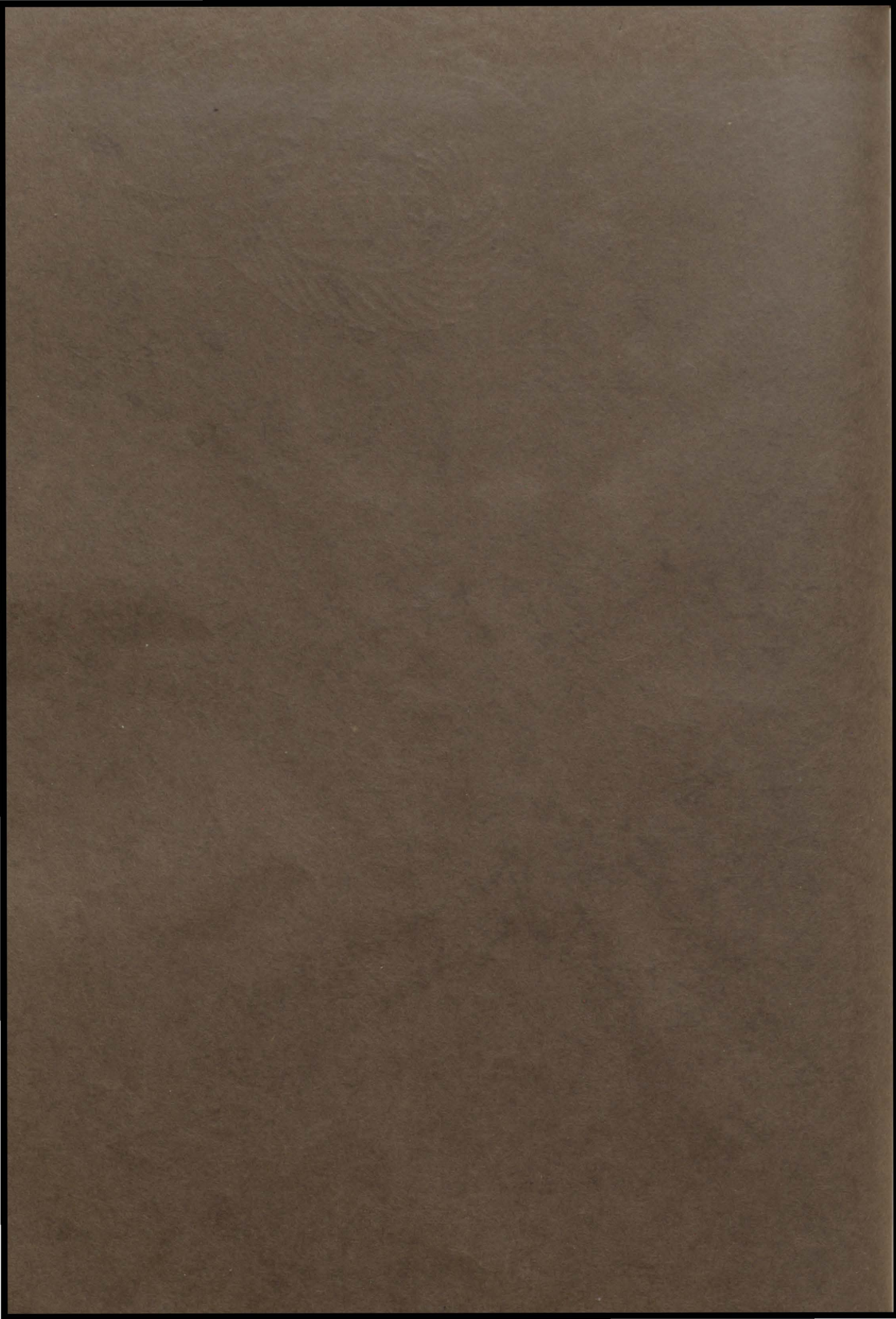




STUDENT







THE
STUDENT

Published by
The Students of Port Huron
High School



CLASS OF 1922

Dedication

To the memory of Miss Allie B. Chapin
do we respectfully dedicate this book



Drawn from a photograph by Paul J. St. Denis.

FOREWORD

ANY trials or obstacles attendant upon the compilation of this book we have not accepted as unnatural or insurmountable--but merely as the necessary "traction" by means of which we all move forward.

How To Read Me



*Believe that I am at my best,
Yet not from blame exempt;
Believe that all my efforts rest
With you for whom I'm meant.*



STUDENT STAFF

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<i>Typists</i>	MARY REYNOLDS, DORIS MAURER

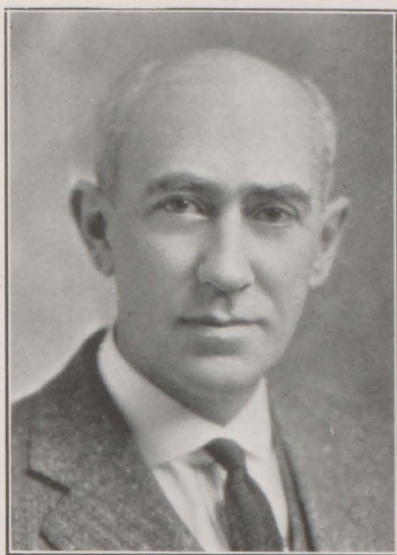
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<i>Advertising Manager</i>	MALCOLM WRIGHT

CORRESPONDENTS

<i>Junior</i>	DORIS DE GRAW, JACK BEAMER
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STUDENT



PRINCIPAL L. F. MEADE



GRACE MARIE NORTHRUP

Senior Advisors

FACULTY

H. A. DAVIS, *Superintendent*

L. F. MEADE, *Principal*

Mathematics—ROSS MACLAREN, BEATRICE SCUPHOLM, CLARISSA MCCOLLOM

Latin—CLARA L. KELLOGG

English—GRACE M. NORTHRUP, BEATRICE WOODWARD, BEATRICE F. ROBINSON,
AILEEN BRUSH

History—RUTH RUSH, KATHLEEN MOORE, L. F. MEADE, EMMA HOSMER,
ELIZABETH AVERY

Modern Languages—HELEN F. NAUMANN, LUCIE FRENCH

Commercial—ETHEL M. BEUKEMA, WILLIAM HILZINGER, ROSE STURMER

Science—MARY MILLER, CHARLES D. SOUTHERN

Public Speaking—NINITA MAYNE

Musical Supervisor—EDNA FRASER

Vocational—JOHN MCKENZIE

Manual Training—F. X. LAKE, WM. MCINTOSH

Sewing—JEAN ROSS

COMMENCEMENT WEEK

Baccalaureate Sermon

FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

REVEREND RALPH M. CRISSMAN

Pastor of First Presbyterian Church

SUNDAY, JUNE 18

Class Day Program

JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM

TUESDAY, JUNE 20

Commencement Exercises

MAJESTIC THEATRE—8:00 o'clock

Address—PAUL E. VOELKER, President of Olivet College

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21

Senior Hop

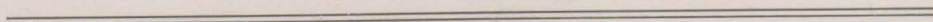
WASHINGTON JUNIOR HIGH GYMNASIUM

FRIDAY, JUNE 23

CONTENTS



CLASSES
LITERARY
EDITORIALS
ALUMNI
ORGANIZATION
SOCIETY
ATHLETICS



STUDENT



HARLAN A. DAVIS
Superintendent of Public Schools

CLASS DAY PROGRAM



March

Salutatory PHYLLIS TURNBULL

History ESTHER DUFFIN

Oration JOHN CONGO

Will ELIZABETH THOMAS

Poem IRMA BURNS

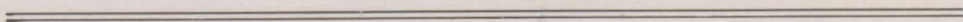
Giftatory NATALIE MOORE

Prophecy { MARGUERITE BOARDMAN
ELIZABETH McMANUS

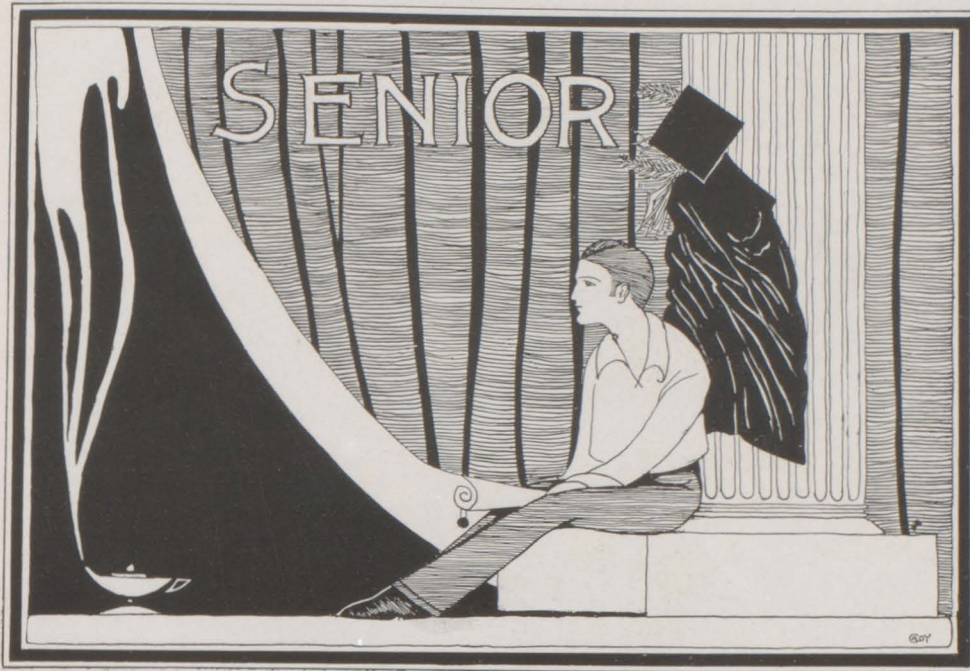
Song ESTHER PACE

Valedictory EUNICE EICHHORN

Music ORCHESTRA—GLEE CLUBS







Senior President's Message

EACH year you are advised by the Senior Presidents to "hitch your wagon to a star." This is excellent counsel to you as individuals, but have you ever thought that it might be applied to your school?

To make your school bigger and better you need an enthusiastic student body. Get enthusiastic about your school, boost it, support your athletic teams, become a worker in your school's activities. Believe in Port Huron High School first, last, and all the time. "Tell the world" what a good school we have. Don't be a knocker, for if there are schools larger than yours, convince yourself that there are none better.

Seniors should not think that their debt to the school is paid when they graduate, but should remember their school with their moral and financial support. With every student and alumnus a booster for Port Huron High School, our school's reputation will be raised "Sky High."

F. E. S. '22.



MAC. WATTERWORTH

Class President '19; Mathematics Course, Football '21, '22; Business Manager Athletic Association '22; Sport Editor Red and White '22; Hi-Y, Track '20; Booster Club Class Basketball '22; Hop Chairman '22; Senior Play.



GEORGE DURAND

Class President '20; Mathematics Course; President Athletic Association '21; Debating Team, Hi-Y, Class Football '22; Class Basketball '22; Booster Club, Dramatic Club, Senior Play.



CHESTER BENEDICT

Class President '21; Latin Course; Hi-Y, Booster Club, Dramatic Club, Debating Team, Class Football '22; Track '21; Business Manager Red and White '21; Senior Play.



FREDERICK STURMER

Class President '22; English Course, Booster Club, Dramatic Club, Senior Play.



WILLIAM ANDREWS

English Course, Red and White Staff '22; Advertising Manager Dramatic Club '22; President Booster Club '22; Class Sergeant at Arms '22; Class Football '22.



PHYLLIS TURNBULL

Latin Course; President Girls' League '21; Dramatic Club, Glee Club, President Latin Club, Basketball '21; Senior Play.



GRANT DONALDSON

English Course; Baseball '22; Dramatic Club, Glee Club, Class Football '22; Class Basketball '22; Red and White Staff '22; Senior Play, Booster Club.



ISABELLE SMITH

English Course; President Social Service Department Girls' League '21.



MARGUERITE MORRIS

Science Course; President Girls' League '22; Dramatic Club.



MARY HALL

English Course; Dramatic Club,
Girls' League, Glee Club, Class
Vice-President '21.



EDWARD STEPHENS

English Course, Debating Team,
Booster Club.



ELIZABETH McMANUS

Latin Course, Girls' League, Glee
Club, Latin Club.



HARRY HESS

Mathematics Course, Booster Club.



MARION BROTHERTON

Mathematics Course, Girls' League.



FRANCES HYDE

English Course, Dramatic Club,
Girls' League.



GORDON McINTOSH

English Course, Booster Club,
President Dramatic Club '21; Sec-
retary Treasurer Glee Club '22;
Track '21; Class Football '22.



ESTHER PACE

Latin Course, Class Secretary '20;
Vice-President Athletic Associa-
tion '21; Secretary Girls' League
'21; Glee Club, Dramatic Club,
Basketball '21.



CHARLES CONAT

Science Course.



BEATRICE KERR

English Course, Girls' League,
Dramatic Club.



ELIZABETH THOMAS

Latin Course, Glee Club, Girls' League, Dramatic Club, Debating Team '21; Latin Club, Senior Play.



MARY GODFREY

English Course.



EUGENE WULFMAN

English Course, Orchestra, Booster Club.



IRMA BURNS

English Course, Secretary of Class of '23 and in '20; Vice-President of Class '23, in '21; Secretary of Class '22; Secretary of Girls' League '22; Dramatic Club.



FRED BAKER

Commercial Course, Booster Club, Glee Club.



NEVA BRANAGAN

Mathematics Course; Girls' League; Dramatic Club.



HAROLD THORNTON

English Course; Glee Club; Treasurer of Dramatic Club '21; Hi-Y; Booster Club; Senior Play.



EMILY STEWART

Mathematics Course; Vice-President Girls' League '21; Dramatic Club; Red and White Staff; Senior Play.



HELEN STANZEL

Commercial Course; Glee Club; Girls' League.



DOROTHY RIGNEY

History Course; Dramatic Club; Glee Club; Girls' League.



HELEN FRIERS

History Course; Girls' League.



JOHN CADY

English Course; Football '21;
Booster Club; Dramatic Club;
Class Basketball '19, '20; Hi-Y;
Stage Manager Senior Play.



KATHERINE KELLY

English Course; Girls' League.



MARY PHIPPS

Commercial Course; Girls' League;
Glee Club.



KENNETH CHURCH

Mathematics Course; Class Treasurer '21; Booster Club.



MYRTLE HARPER

Mathematics Course; Class Secretary '18; Girls' League; Glee Club.



GAVIN BROWN

Mathematics Course; Booster Club; Hi-Y; Dramatic Club! Class Treasurer '22; Football '20, '21; Senior Play.



DORIS MAURER

Commercial Course; Girls' League Basketball '19.



WALTER NORTON

Mathematics Course; Booster Club; Hi-Y; Football '20, '21, '22; Track '21; '22; Class Basketball '22; Baseball '22.



ZELDA DUNKEL

Commercial Course; Girls' League.



PHYLLIS GALLACHER
 Mathematics Course; Girls'
 League; Dramatic Club.



JOHN ALLEN
 History Course.



JOSEPHINE BECKTON
 Commercial Course; Publicity
 Agent Girls' League '21; Vice-Pre-
 sident Dramatic Club '21.



MARGUERITE BOARDMAN
 English Course; Girls' League.



MARGARET WADE
 History Course; Glee Club; Girls'
 League.



ALTON REEVES

English Course, Booster Club, Glee Club.



ERNESTINE COLBY

English Course; Latin Club.



ERNA GOSHNIK

Commercial Course; Girls' League.



GLADYS ROSE

Mathematics Course; Girls' League; Orchestra.



JOYCE MYRON

Mathematics Course; Glee Club; Dramatic Club.



FRANKLYN MUGAVERO

Mathematics Course; Football '19, '20, '21; Basketball '21, '22; Baseball '20, '21; Captain Baseball Team '22; Booster Club; Hi-Y; President Athletic Association '22; Senior Play.



ELEANOR CADY

English Course; Girls' League, Dramatic Club.



MARY McCORMICK

Latin Course; Girls' League; Latin Club; Dramatic Club; Class Vice-President '22.



WELLMAN SMITH

History Course; Secretary-Treasurer Glee Club '21; Hi-Y; Booster Club; Class Basketball '19, '21, '22; Class Football '21.



MABEL MASON

Commercial Course; Girls' League; Basketball '19.



ELVARETTA NESTELL

Commercial Course; Glee Club;
Dramatic Club.



JOHN STEWART

Mathematic Science Course; Boost-
er Club; Baseball '22; Interclass
Football and Basketball.



ALBERTA MYERS

Commercial Course.



MARJORIE McALLISTER

English Course; Basketball '18;
Girls' League; Secretary of Dra-
matic Club '22.



HELEN BRANAGAN

Latin Course, Girls' League, Latin
Club; Dramatic Club.



GRANT MOORE

Mathematics Course; Football '19, '20, '21; Captain Basketball Team '21; Basketball '19, '20, '21; Booster Club; President Hi-Y '22.



MARGARETTE DOWNS

English Course; Glee Club; Girls' League; Dramatic Club; Latin Club; Senior Play.



HILDA STEVENS

Foreign Language Course; Glee Club; Girls' League.



BERNADENE ROBBINS

Commercial Course; Dramatic Club; Glee Club; Girls' League.



MARY COLLINS

Foreign Language Course; Dramatic Club; Secretary-Treasurer Glee Club '22; Secretary Entertainment Department Girls' League '21.



CAMELA GRAZIADEI

English Course; Secretary-Treasurer Glee Club '20; Girls' League; Class Secretary '21.



LENORE DEERING

Commercial Course; Glee Club; Dramatic Club; Girls' League.



PAUL ST. DENIS

English Course.



NETTIE LEONHARD

English Course; Girls' League; Dramatic Club; Glee Club.



LOUIS WEIL

English Course; Class President in '20; of Class of '23; Editor Red and White, '22; President Dramatic Club '22; Class Football '21; Hi-Y; Booster Club.



KATHERINE PHILBRICK

Modern Language Course; Dramatic Club; Girls' League; Orchestra; Secretary Athletic Association '22.



CLARE PRATT

English Course; Booster Club.



HELEN STUART

Commercial Course; Glee Club; Girls' League.



CLESSON HAWLEY

English Course.



FLORENCE SPERRY

English Course; Girls' League.



HARWOOD FENNER

Mathematics Course; Booster Club; Glee Club; Baseball '20, '21, '22; Class Football '22.



HELEN DEWOLF

English Course; Girls' League.



FAYE McDONALD

English Course; Dramatic Club; Girls' League; Glee Club.



MARY REYNOLDS

English Course; Glee Club; Girls' League.



MABEL BROTHWELL

Commercial Course; Girls' League; Glee Club.



ESTHER DUFFIN

English Course; Girls' League;
Dramatic Club.



ROLAND HOFFMAN

Mathematics Course; Class Basketball '19; Treasurer Hi-Y '22; Booster Club; Captain Senior Basketball Team '22.



NATALIE MOORE

History Course; Girls' League;
Dramatic Club; Senior Play.



ALICE MAGAHAY

English Course.



HERBERT ANNAS

Mathematics Course.



EUNICE EICHHORN

Latin Course; Girls' League; Glee Club; Latin Club; Dramatic Club.



JULIUS JAMES

Course Incomplete.



FRANCINA FEAD

Mathematics Course; Class Treasurer '19; Class Vice-President '20; Girls' League.



HELEN BASNEY

English Course; Girls' League.



JOHN CONGO

Latin Course; Booster Club; Latin Club.



CATHERINE WATSON

Commercial Course; Girls' League;
Dramatic Club.

MAY DEWHIRST

English Course.

HILDA MacJENNETT

English Course; Glee Club; Girls'
League; Latin Club.

Class History

Never shall we forget that memorable day in September, '19, when we entered this pedagogical institute to serve the four year sentence at hard mental labor! A sentence which, imposed by a knowledge-seeking conscience—or stern parental influence—could hardly be considered just.

Our striped costumes, not yet having been assigned, we were organized into squads by a business-like and energetic woman whose cognomen sounded to me very much like "Brown."

Our names having been taken, we were allowed to select one of our comrades to act as President. Mac Watterworth was chosen for this most dangerous position, Jean Reyan acting as right-hand man (?) and Myrtle Harper secretary.

After an exciting and strenuous semester, we were dumfounded to learn that our chief warden, Miss Brown, had resigned. Why we know not. Having become endeared to us all, her departure was a sad blow indeed! But our mental duties did not permit of any prolonged sorrow.

The old-timers in room M completed their sentences, were given full pardon and we were allowed out on a three months' parole.

Upon our return, our most prominent cell-mate, George Durand, was elected to fill the office joyfully vacated by Mac. Francina Fead assisted him in the precarious pursuit of his duties, with Esther Pace as secretary. Miss Scupholm and Miss Avery took the places vacated by Misses Blake and Everham. Thus ably guarded, the class ship took sail on the seas of another turbulent year.

But if we had expected rough-going, we were destined to disappointment, for the year was in the main, uneventful. Our main accomplishment as a class was the successful breaking of the stones of knowledge, and fortified by the trust and confidence that this had given our guardians, we were again allowed to leave on probation.

But it did not last for long!

After the customary three months—months of joyous pleasure and boundless freedom—we returned. In dread fear of the local truant officer, we solemnly resolved to spend at least three days of every week in prison. But our good intentions came to naught.

By the end of the first month, solitary confinement was imposed upon several of our members who had attempted to file the bars of restraint, and from this time on, more severe restrictions were adopted.

Our new leader, Benedict, proved himself an able statesman. Indeed, it would demand a diplomat of the first order to quench the fiery eloquence of our ex-president Durand.

Second only to Benedict in parliamentary tactics, was his able second, Mary Hall. The official personnel was completed by Carmela Graziadei, scribe, and shekel gatherer, Kenneth Church.

STUDENT

One of the innovations in our Junior year was the Girls' League, composed and lead largely by Junior girls. Phyllis Turnbull acted as president, whilst Miss Woodward and Miss Scupholm were unanimously chosen as wardens.

But the greatest event of all was at hand. We were to entertain the old-timers in a farewell party. The long-looked for day arrived and never can we forget it. Commencement Week was here! We were to accompany the old-timers to the annual Baccalaureate sermon preached by a Chaplain selected for the purpose.

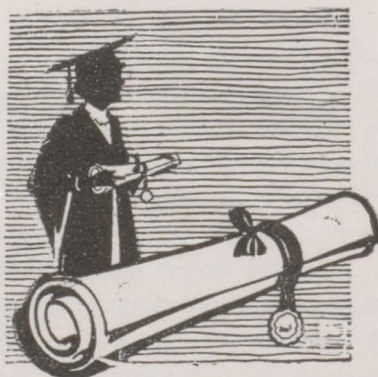
Commencement day was a momentous one. Honorable discharges were awarded to all those who had served their time studiously and conscientiously and many were the longing looks of wistful Juniors at the neatly beribboned rolls.

Our turn was to come. But when?

We started the New Year by electing our Head Warden L. F. Meade and Miss Northrup as advisors. Soon after Frederick Sturmer, whose three years of creditable accomplishments, set him apart as the one most worthy to guide the destinies of our Senior Year, was chosen President. His assistants were as follows: Mary McCormick, Irma Burns, and Gavin Brown, with untarnished records all.

The all important event of the year was in the nature of a reception given by us for the first-year men. Warden was seen herding five separate and distinct Freshies, who appeared terribly bored.

Other social functions followed in quick succession, until at last our day arrives. We are to be free! Our term is at an end, and though many things have arisen to mar the serenity of the four years' servitude, our sentence as a whole can be expressed in the sentence, "Sing Sing, for we are free."





President's Message



As Juniors we find ourselves about to face the responsibilities and honors of our Senior year. May we share each as creditably as our predecessors.

These three years of training have given us a firm foundation, have brought us closer to the realization of our intellectual needs, and have set before us more clearly defined ideals.

As Seniors, we trust we may hold high our banner of "Responsibility," so that we may say with Emerson,

*"The port—well worth the cruise is near,
And every wave is charmed."*

JEAN LAIRD '23.

五

Sergeant-at-Arms JOHN OTTAWAY

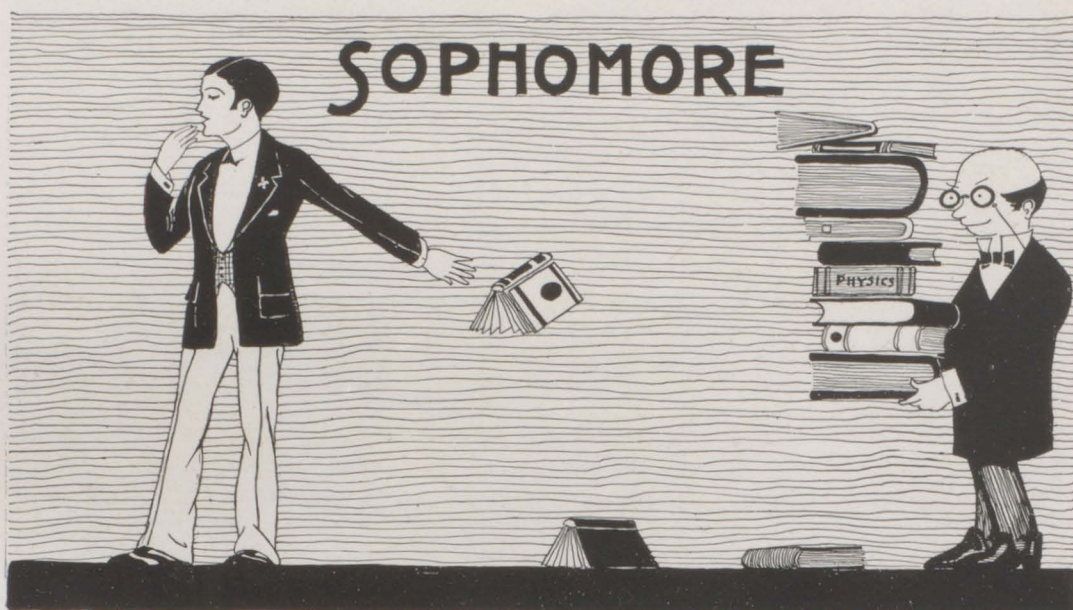
MISS SCUPHOLM



Junior Class Roll



Andrews, George	Parson, Chester	Harbaugh, Selina
Avery, Alexander	Roach, Maurice	Hastings, Vera
Baer, Waldo	Robertson, Andrew	Hennigar, Lillian
Baldwin, Ernest	Ross, Hugh	House, Pansy
Ballentine, Frederick	Ruddock, Lewis	Huntley, Frances
Beamer, Jack	Schnackenberg, Horace	James, Anna
Boughner, Neil	Sickles, George	Jones, Grace
Briggs, Roy	Simms, Leonard	Kling, Velma
Charlton, Malcom	Smith, Andrew	Klump, Millie
Clemo, Clinton	Soini, Paul	Laird, Jean
Cochrane, Harold	Waddell, Donald	McCreight, Helen
Cooper, Clare	Wargowsky, Fred	Manuel, Dorothy
Cuttle, Jack	Wonderlic, Russell	Martin, Dorothy
Dains, Harold	Wright, Malcom	Minor, Joye
Dodd, Charles	Anderson, Emma	Norton, Ruth
Fenner, Stewart	Arnold, Evelyn	Peters, Letta
Frost, Clarence	Ashley, Wilola	Pressprich, Gertrude
Germain, Aberdeen	Atkins, Mary	Reid, Virginia
Gravlin, Hazen	Ballentine, Isabel	Roberts, Edna
Harris, Frank	Benner, Iva	Robinson, Leona
Hazelton, Harold	Brown, Frances	Salowitz, Bertha
Hill, Omar	Clement, Mabel	Scott, Vivian
Holmes, Jack L.	Conat, Velda	Shiland, Charlene
Howard, John	Cowan, Isabella	Smith, Mildred
Howison, Lyal	Crawford, Marguerite	Somers, Helen
Hutchison, William	Dale, Ethel	Sperry, Rose
Kirsch, Frank	Davis, Myrtelle	Sperry, Ruth
McCreight, William	DeGraw, Doris	Thompson, Elizabeth
McDonald, Grant	Duval, Ruth	Todd, Helen
McElroy, Fred	Eichhorn, Phyllis	Turner, Fae
McKenzie, Kenneth	Elliott, Julia	Wass, Sarah
Mackay, Andrew	Epstean, Maxine	Watson, Margaret
Meade, Fletcher	Graham, Valere	Wilcox, Ellen
Moak, Eugene	Gray, Kathleen	Winchester, Alta
Nelson, Russell	Green, Alma	Wulfmann, Dorothy
Ottaway, John	Hamlin, Quinneth	Zepezauer, Agnes
Parker, Hyde	Hand, Margaret	



The Hardened Softmore



When we, who are now Sophomores,
Did quake in holy fear
As Freshmen, we were speechless
When'er a prof drew near.

The first few weeks of terror,
Were spent in nameless fright;
With wonder for the Junior,
Respect for Seniors' might.

But now that we've grown bolder,
Our fears are given o'er
To our dear successors—
For we are Sophs no more.

MARGUERITE SAINT DENIS.



Sophomore Class Officers



<i>President</i>		EARL SCUPHOLM
<i>Vice-President</i>		LOUISE UNGER
<i>Secretary</i>		MAYNARD SMITH
<i>Treasurer</i>		ARCHIBALD BLACK
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>		MILES BENEDICT

ADVISORS

MRS. ROBINSON

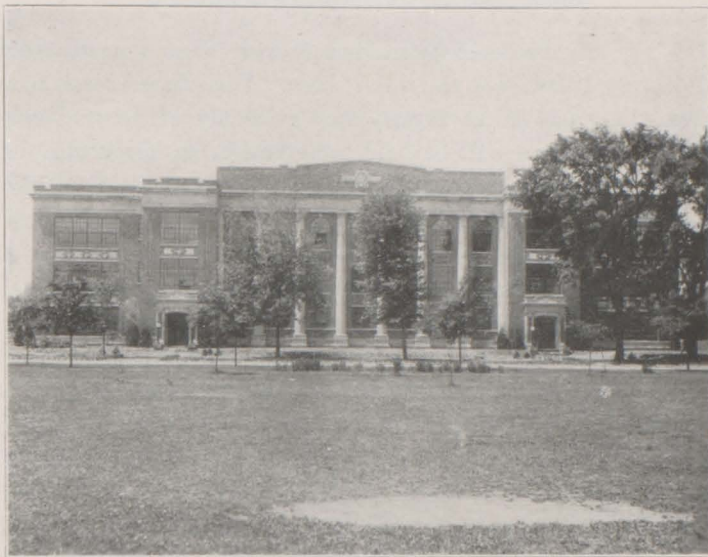
MISS STURMER



Class Roll



Armstrong, Thomas	Hupert, Raymond	Zemmer, Adrian	Kemp, Gertrude
Aikorn, Francis	Ingram, Elton	Anderson, Margaret	Lotermoser, Anna
Allen, Claude	Ingram, Harold	Anderson, Rosalind	Loope, Alice
Atkinson, Carl	Johnson, Wesley	Adams, Phyllis	Langtry, Marzelle
Benedict, Miles	Johnson, Whitney	Abernethy, Elizabeth	Locke, Irene
Brown, Sanger	Jenicke, Oliver	Aikman, Dorothy	Lackran, Hazel
Baker, Julius	Kelly, John	Andrews, Elizabeth	Millett, Ruth
Browning, Phillip	Kirby, Arthur	Bontrager, Ruth	McQueen, Donna
Blackney, Willard	Labadie, Thomas	Bower, Marion	Madden, Esther
Barton, Wilbut	Lynch, Glen	Burley, Hazel	Major, Fayette
Bascom, Charles	McKenzie, Gerald	Beeder, Gladys	Mann, Marvel
Bears, Howard	Mackley, Gordon	Blythe, Hazel	May, Ruth
Brown, Harry	Marshall, Neil	Brahmer, Ruby	McAllister, Helen
Beach, Leon	Martin, Lloyd	Brotherton, Alice	McCarter, Sadie
Black, Archibald	Mathews, Calvin	Burns, Elsie	McClair, Hazel
Beach, Warren	McClaskey, George	Baird, Sylvia	McClellan, Isabel
Brown, Gordon	McCormick, Irving	Buntrock, Elsie	McGowan, Gabel
Beady, Gerald	Miller, Manville	Bruce, Jean	McKenzie, Donna
Bragg, Ralph	McMannus, Kenneth	Bestedo, Gladys	Millett, Dolores
Bragg, Ralph	Minnie, Richard	Balmer, Helen	Miner, Julia
Bragg, Frank	Moore, Stuart	Brooks, Charlotte	Myron, Olive
Campbell, Ross	Mortimer, Russell	Beal, Eleanor	Nelson, Vera
Curtis, Wesley	Nelson, Donald	Carll, Isabel	Norman, Lucy
Cascadden, Fred	Orr, Robert	Carey, Martha	Norris, Ruth
Curtis, Andrew	Page, Alfred	Carey, Helen	Palmer, Mildred
Carlisle, Kenneth	Parker, Lloyd	Carlisle, Lillian	Parrish, Pearl
Child, Walter	Patske, Carl	Clark, Evelyn	Patterson, Clara
Conant, Leslie	Phillips, Edwin	Collard, Mildred	Peters, Blanche
Cowan, Fred	Provost, Glen	Chase, Lila	Phipps, Hilda
Chasey, Walter	Pilkey, William	Coyle, Elizabeth	Pierce, Pearl
Crawford, Malcolm	Ramsey, Arthur	Cooper, Edith	Pollard, Bernice
Crawford, Stewart	Ross, Ward	Cozley, Frances	Potter, Edna
Crouch, Cazamar	Rockwell, Melvin	Collins, Emily	Rawlings, Marguerite
Colquist, Edward	Rheder, Clarence	Cady, Luella	Raymer, Jean
Dietrick, Elmer	Schell, Frank	Durand, Margaret	Reed, Evelyn
Donaldson, Glen	Schermerhorn, Arthur	Davis, Iva	Reed, Marjorie
Dresher, David	Smith, Maynard	Drake, Dorothy	Schuveta, Virginia
Dudd, Carl	Sylvester, Ray	Dingman, Thelma	Schuck, Edna
Duncan, Alden	Scupholm, Earl	Dudd, Ella	Schwartz, Alma
Doig, John	Setter, Kenneth	Evans, Clara	Sharrand, Marie
Duff, William	Sibilla, Albert	Fair, Bernadine	Sheldon, Agnes
Elliott, Martin	Sibilla, Carl	Ferguson, Ruby	St. Clair, Gertrude
Falk, Clarence	St. Clair, James	Fenner, Edna	Smith, Ethel
Ferris, Clarence	Slagt, Harry	Friley, Ruth	Smith, Frances
Fowler, Kenneth	Smith, Glenn	Facer, Levta	Smith, Mary
Fox, Ray	Stacey, Marshall	Goodman, Irene	Smith, Marion
Green, John	St. Denis, Francis	Graham, Mildred	Stevens, Sarah
Gossman, Charles	St. Denis, Laurence	Gruel, Marguerite	St. Denis, Marguerite
Gokey, Alton	Toles, Hazen	Hamel, Elizabeth	Steiner, Christine
Graham, Lyman	Tuer, Milton	Hanton, Mary	Streeter, Margaret
Gottschalk, Walter	Ulbrich, Harold	Hunt, Juanita	Sturgis, Clara
Goldman, Isadore	Urmy, Dean	Hawlev, Frances	Sturmer, Irma
Goldman, Sydney	Vogelei, Alvin	Harpel, Freda	Swain, Lorene
Gaffield, Kenneth	Wadsworth, Kenneth	Hoffman, Alberta	Thompson, Martha
Heddle, Roland	Waterloo, Charles	Hopps, Lola	Touslev, Elsie
Hall, Walter	Wagner, Milton	Heinmiller, Vera	Tuer, Mildred
Hill, Horace	Woods, Roland	Henson, Louise	Unger, Louise
Halladay, Earl	Walter, Gerald	Huston, Wilda	VanNorman, Esther
Hubble, Donald	Webber, Edwin	Immiz, Thendrika	Walker, Margaret
Hutchinson, Garrett	Westehal, Herbert	Jones, Alice	Warwick, Florence
Howard, Walter	Whiting, Raymond	Jackson, Esther	Waters, Catherine
Humphries, Ernest	Whybrew, Charles	Johnson, Clara	Webb, Edna
Heyer, Harry	Wismer, Donald	Kimball, Marion	Wegg, Eleanor
Hays, Cornell	Walberg, Carl	Kashboskv, Rose	Woodward, Margaret
Huff, Orville	Wood, John	Kaiser, Thelma	
Henry, Mervin	Wood, Robert	Junz, Mildred	

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A 9-"A's" Lament



Ain't it fierce to be a Senior,
And to have to watch your ways,
So you'll always be a model,
With report card full of "A's."

O, to be an under-classman
Who is happy with a "C,"
And is contented if he manages
To escape with no RED "E."

But to be a brainy Senior,
A 9-"A" model every day,
No advisor will O. K. us,—
If we do not make it "A."

A. F.



A Case of Mistaken Identity

At last I saw my name in print, but it was in an announcement to the effect that I had died suddenly the day before. Yes, there it was in black and white: "Alice Brown of West Street, died suddenly of heart disease yesterday. The funeral services will be held tomorrow from her home."

I began to have an uncomfortable feeling. I had never been in better health in my life, and I certainly could not be dead and unaware of it. Just then the telephone rang, and I was informed that the undertaker desired to know what kind of coffin was preferred. I told him that some mistake had been made and that some other Brown without a telephone must live on West Street. By the time I had answered three calls and refused one offering of flowers, I discovered that I had nerves. But, "the straw that broke the camel's back" was added when my worst enemy came solemnly stalking up the walk, with a handkerchief pressed to her eyes and a small bouquet of flowers in one hand. I met her at the door. "You're the fifth person I have had the pleasure of assuring I am not a corpse, although I expect to be if this keeps up," I exclaimed rather tartly and slammed the door. She gave one shriek and dashed down the street, dropping the flowers as she ran.

By this time I had decided that I had better find out who my double in name was, or they would be burying me alive anyway. So I got the city directory and found that another Alice Brown lived on West Street.

FRANCES WILSON.

"Answering An Advertisement"

I am an old maid of forty-three years and who ever heard of a crochety old woman like me answering an advertisement? A matrimonial advertisement at that! Well, I did. My niece read it out of the paper. He called himself, C. G., and he said that he was good looking, not over fifty, and desirous of meeting a woman with the same qualifications. I pretended not to pay any attention to it, but I really did, because I thought it might be Calvin Goodrich whom I had known when I was young. Although he had married I still held some affection for him, perhaps not wholly for him but for his ten children, at least I could finish bringing them up better than the other woman had started. That's enough of ancient history, we will go on with the modern. After the family had gone to bed, I answered the advertisement.

The next afternoon I received a letter telling me to meet C. G. in the garden at 8 o'clock. I just couldn't wait, so about 7:30 I went out. After I had nearly gone crazy with anxiety, he came. My but he was handsome! He had a high hat, flowers in his buttonhole, and a cape across his shoulders. He asked me if this was M. G. and I said yes. So then I asked him to take off his hat for reasons I shall not mention. My stars and stockings! I could have died of mortification, but I didn't so I am still living to tell the tale.

HELEN COOK.



A Successful School Teacher

Miss————— is my Algebra teacher,
And I want no other;
She brightens my soul with her laugh from one ear to the other.
She puts my heart ablaze
With the Algebra lessons which I cannot forget the rest of my days.
When I forget a case or leave out a type,
My knees start a shakin' and I'd like to hike,
But when she is explaining something nice,
We all nod our heads and says, "Oh y-e-e-s-s,"
But when it comes to the six weeks' test
We all get a mark I think you can guess.

DONNA BAKER.

Astra-Castra, Numen-Lumen

John Lincoln was a senior in the Vickstown High School when the crash came. His family had always been well-to-do, but one day his father made a rash speculation and the shock of the ensuing ruin killed him. Thus, Mrs. Lincoln was left a widow with two children, John and his sister Mary, an invalid.

The blow was a hard one when he had to leave school. He secured a position and set to work to support his mother and sister. The boy studied hard to keep up his school work in hopes that he would be allowed to take the final tests with the other students. He was often discouraged but his class motto, "*Astra-castra, Numen-lumen*," meaning, "The stars—my camp, God my light," kept running through his mind helping him bear his hardships.

John's employer, Alfred Fountain, was a jolly fellow and he helped the lad build a radio set at his store.

The radio had been completed about a month when a great calamity struck Vickstown. This village was situated near the Mississippi River and it was in the most dangerous time of the year, spring, when the ice came down the river and it overflowed its banks.

One night the whole town was aroused by the cry, "The dam is breaking! Run for your lives!"

John got his terrified mother and sister into a wagon along with some other refugees and started for the hills. Then he heard someone say, "Something has happened; they can't get any of the down river towns by wire to warn them. Something must be done or they will all perish."

John had an idea, "Why not warn them by radio?" he asked a man who sat next to him.

"It's too late now, but it might have been done if it had been thought of sooner," replied the man.

John thought the attempt worth while and in despite the remarks concerning the foolhardiness of his idea, he gave his mother and sister into the care of a neighbor and started back to the town.

The river was rising rapidly and the dam was gradually giving away when, after many attempts John succeeded in sending his message to a man in the next town, who promised to send it on.

The lad rushed out of the store and started for the hills, but he was too late. The dam had broken with a loud crash and although he struggled fiercely the boy was slowly engulfed by the swirling waters and as a last resort he drew himself upon a log and clinging to it he murmured, "*Astra-castra, Numen-lumen,*" as if it were a prayer.

After drifting around several hours he was finally picked up by a rescue boat. When he inquired if the down river towns had been saved, he was told that his brave deed had not been in vain. The citizens of the villages he had saved rewarded him fittingly and he was able to complete High School.

GWENDOLYN McCONACHIE.

The Civics Department

Several new and interesting features were added to the routine of the civics classes in junior citizenship training this year.

To make the Thrift movement stand out in greater importance, banking was made a part of the weekly program, not more than ten students in both 9-A and 9-B failing to co-operate. During May and June every student was required to keep an accurate record of his spending money, how it was spent and the part saved. This phase of the course was correlated with the study of economic problems in the home and community.

One hundred and fifty themes upon the subject of the "INDUSTRIAL EXHIBIT" which was held in this city the latter part of March were submitted as a part of a survey of the city's industries. A "straw election" for Commissioner of Public Works afforded the opportunity for the boys and girls to get some practical instruction in the technique of voting, as well as in studying the men upon the ticket.

Some excellent programs prepared by the committees from the different classes have been given at the meetings of the civics' club, "The Forum." These exercises have covered a great variety of community activities and have been very profitable as well as pleasant.

During the year the civics department has fostered the noon assemblies on Wednesdays which were inaugurated by the preceding class. These happy social affairs have been under the direction of Miss Carlisle and have been supported by both teachers and students. Up to May 1, the sum of \$203.62 had been taken in and put into the treasury of the school for the things all the students could enjoy.

The Department of Science

The world war gave to work in science the recognition that had long been its due. Now no one has to argue as to its right to stand with studies of paramount importance. The course offered in the Junior High School consists of general science for eighth graders and biology for ninth grade students. The aim in both courses is to make the daily life of the student mean more to him, to increase his interest in nature and in the works of man—in short, to help him to live a more useful life. It is hoped that so keen an interest in science will be aroused that many will choose to pursue the study farther—in Senior High School and in College.

Since Port Huron possessed a far seeing superintendent and Board of Education when the Washington School was built we have a science laboratory planned and equipped as completely as has any school of its size in the state. There are six desks for four students each. These are fitted with gas and water so that individual pupils may perform experiments or groups may work out projects. A germinating bed for biology work with seeds and plants, a teacher's demonstration desk, and a large cupboard for supplies complete the equipment.

Besides the laboratory experiment work, the biology classes take numerous field trips to identify trees and study native plants and animals and the general science classes visit various manufacturing plants of the city, such as the Morton Salt Block, Mueller Metal Works, Fibre Works, etc., to study and report on processes of manufacture. They also make fireless cookers out of boxes and wooden candy pails, which their mothers find useful in cutting down the gas bills.

Just now, the department is interested in supporting the efforts of the Radio Club to make and earn the parts of a receiving set for the building. The club consists of about forty boys that own or are making sets at home. They are constructing the parts that can be made in the manual training department, with Mr. Myers' help and will earn the money for the bulb, wire, etc., in various ways. Mr. Bell came up to school and talked to the boys about constructing a set and we hope to have a hundred dollar set for one-fourth that amount of money. On April 28, the Club held a 4 to 6 P. M. Assembly to raise money. A small room at the north end of the main corridor is to be used for the instruments.

The Domestic Science Department

The Port Huron Schools have never had the advantage of a Domestic Science Course until the new Junior High School was built. School girls now have the privilege of securing a great deal of knowledge on cooking. In all the cooking classes, the total number of pupils is about three hundred. It is required for the eighth grade but elective for the ninth. In the ninth grade work the girls give a series of dinners, luncheons, and teas, thus offering to them the practical experience of preparing and serving a meal on time, acting as hostesses or waitresses as the case may be. The dishes for this purpose are a gift of the Parent-Teachers' Association of the Junior High.

The Sewing Department

The girls in the sewing department have been very active, judging from the number of articles that have been completed in the past year under the supervision of Miss McNinch. It is one of the most practical and best equipped departments in the Junior High. It is a large sunny room on the west side of the building, furnished with a long cutting table, five smaller tables and four sewing machines. A small fitting room, furnished with a triplecate mirror and a pressing apparatus, leads from the sewing room. There are forty-five girls enrolled for the 9-A course making so many that Miss McNinch could not take a 9-B class last February.

The Boys' Cooking Class

Fifteen boys with Miss Cameron at the helm, plow through the difficulties of the art of cooking every Tuesday morning.

When the gong for the third hour rings you see boys scurrying through the halls with aprons in their hands. Other boys with envy say, "They are going to cooking class."

When they arrive in their places, they don their aprons and are ready for business. First Miss Cameron dictates to them the recipe for the article they are about to make. Then they take their measures and spoons and go to work. They go to the center tables for the ingredients required by the recipe. Two boys work together and to work in harmony one gets all the dry ingredients and the other the liquids. After mixing these as called for they are ready for baking or cooking, whichever it may be. They then wash their dishes and are ready to test out their products.

This cooking class is a great opportunity and there must be some boys who wish they were among the lucky ones. This experience will come in handy in years to come. Maybe friend wife has gone to the country for a few days. The remembrance of the old cooking class will come back to us and we will get up and cook our own breakfast.

CHARLES LANGFORD.

The Commercial Department

The commercial work in Junior High which consists of Bookkeeping I, Bookkeeping II and commercial Arithmetic has attained greater popularity than ever before during this semester, one hundred sixty-eight students electing the course.

In order that the students who are satisfactorily completing the commercial course may have some practical experience under supervision, Miss McKenney, through the hearty co-operation of the business men of the city, has arranged during the last two years that all 9-A students shall spend four weeks in various offices in Port Huron. The boys and girls have enjoyed their experiences very much and have been highly pleased with the attitude of those who have invited them to their offices.

Music In the Junior High

Much has been accomplished this year in music under the direction of Miss Hyde. Two periods a week were given to the general chorus, which included all the students in the Junior High. Ruth Lymburner was the able accompanist for this work.

The Girls' Glee Club was unusually well balanced, and has done exceptional work. The group of three songs which they sang at the convention of the Parent-Teachers' Association showed the excellence they had attained. The officers of the club are as follows:

<i>President</i>		CHARLOTTE BERGSMEN
<i>Treasurer</i>		BERTHA PALMER
<i>Accompanist</i>		CANDANCE LENNOX

The Boys' Glee Club, with Junior Bush as president, and John Burrows as treasurer and accompanist, practiced most diligently for what proved to be a real minstrel show. That was the only big thing that they attempted this year.

The orchestra, which has been working under the direction of Dr. C. L. M. Harris since October, has accomplished some very fine work. There have been several public appearances.

In the recent "Music Memory Contest" the Junior High was well represented in the list of prize winners. Much interest was evidenced by all taking part in the contest.

The winners are as follows:

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| 1. CANDANCE LENNOX. | 4. LILLIAN RUSSEL. |
| 2. HELEN COOK. | 5. EVELYN MIRES. |
| 3. JANE COOK. | 6. VERA NEWBURY. |

It would not be doing justice to the musical activities not to make mention of our Jazz Orchestra, which has been most successful in furnishing good dance music for all the Junior High parties. It is made up of the following:

- | | |
|--------------------------|---|
| 1. JOHN BURROWS, piano. | 3. HOWARD ADAMS, ^s trombone. |
| 2. DALLAS ADAMS, violin. | 4. ALEC COLE, drums. |

Social Events

On November 11, the annual ninth year class party was held in our gymnasium which was beautifully decorated for the evening. There was dancing, and also "A County Fair" where there were marvelous stunts to entertain those who did not dance. Altogether it was one of the happiest social events of the year.

On February 24, the Parent-Teachers' Association of Washington-Van Buren-Taylor Schools, gave a coffee and a delightful series of entertainments in the Washington School. Great crowds were in attendance both afternoon and evening. The proceeds were \$212.53.

At the presentation of "The Wizard of Oz" in the auditorium of the Washington School, under the direction of Supt. H. A. Davis, \$92.80 was raised to be applied to the purchase of a new moving picture machine, which has been bought for the city schools.

Two candy sales have added \$37.78 to the treasury this semester.

The members of the newly-organized Radio Club lost no time in entering actively into the life of school. They were hosts on Friday afternoon, April 28, from 4 to 6 P. M., at an afternoon assembly. Junior High Orchestra played for the dancing and Miss Tallmadge was assisted by Miss Seibert and other members of the faculty in chaperoning. About \$20.00 was added to the treasury for the purchase of radio equipment.

On March 10, Miss Carlisle entertained the boys in her session room at an informal dancing party and games, as a reward for good citizenship marks. Each boy was permitted to ask his sister (?), and regular class work was almost wrecked until the social calendar was straightened out satisfactorily by the boys who were unfortunate not to have sisters. Miss Peters and Miss McKenney assisted with the entertaining and everybody had a good time.

The "Rainbow Party" of the Commercial Department on May 5 was the most elaborate class party of the year. Many of the original ideas and the working out of unique features were the work of Walter Smith, who is showing unusual talent with brush and pen. Gordon Wood and Lyle Martin had general charge of the decorations. Junior High Orchestra played for the dancing and for the special numbers upon the program. There were new games for those who did not dance. Punch was served during the evening. There were two hundred twenty-five present, including several members of the faculty who were guests of honor of the department and Miss McKenney.

Junior High Athletic Association

In October, 1921, Junior High decided that she was old enough to have an Athletic Association of her own. From this decision resulted an organization which has been very helpful. The Association has been a means of raising money to support the teams. New suits for the basketball team and baseball supplies were purchased with money made at dances and candy sales.

One hundred and seventy-five boys and girls of Junior High became members of the Association. The colors, blue and gold, were chosen.

Officers:

<i>President</i>	RUSSELL TUDHOPE
<i>Treasurer</i>	DURAND KIEFER
<i>Secretary</i>	ELIZABETH COYLE
<i>Business Manager</i>	GEORGE AIKMAN
<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>	MARGARET BELYEA
<i>Faculty Advisors</i>	MISS HYDE, MR. DRAPER, MRS. RICHARD

Football

The Washington Junior High Football season might be called a successful one even though the boys lost more games than they won. Junior High shut out her opponents in three games and was shut out by opposing teams in three games. The one other game played was lost by a score of 19 to 7.

The Team:

RUSSELL TUDHOPE, <i>Captain</i>	Q. B.
ALBERT WOLF	F. B.
THOMAS LABADIE	R. H. B.
PAUL REDMAN	L. H. B.
CHARLES COLLARD	R. E. & F. B.
ROBERT WOOD	R. E.
FLOYD HUPERT	R. E. & L. H.
HERBERT HARRISON	R. H. B.
REX FUSEE	R. T.
CECIL TURNER	L. H. B.
GORDON WOOD	R. G.
JOHN SMITH	C.
WESLEY WOOD	L. G.
HARRY TOMLINSON	L. T.
EDWARD MILLER	L. E.



Boys' Basketball Team

THOMAS LABADIE

GLEN PROVOST

RUSSELL TUDHOPE

PAUL REDMAN

CHARLES COLLARD

LEO JAMES

HARRY TOMLINSON





Girls' Basketball Team

MINNIE PRESSEL

ELIZABETH COYLE

MARY MORRISON

MILDRED COOK

ELEANORA SAINT DENIS

MARGUERITE SAINT DENIS

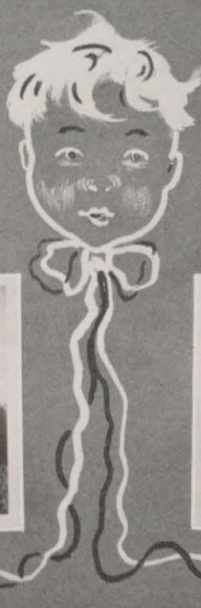
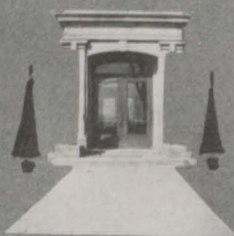
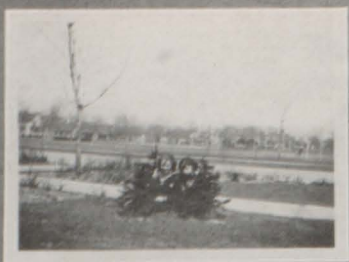
VELMA KEENER

MARION KIMBALL

JANE COOK

MISS PETERS

MISS ALDWORTH



Revised Rules for Junior High

"Student" is pleased to announce that it has had a peep at the revised rules which are to be used next semester in Junior High, among which are the following:

1. Students are expected to be absent whenever possible. This will make less work for the faculty.
2. Study hour is set aside for conversation. Pupils who wish to study should go to Miss McNicol's office.
3. Students must NOT refuse invitations to social functions. They do not need an education.
4. Students are requested to linger in the corridors between classes, thereby giving the traffic "cops" more to do.
5. Skipping classes should be more popular than it is now. It will help other students physicaly in joining the searching expeditions.

"As They Were Saying--"

Miss Peters: "Do thusly."

Mr. Draper: "Why-a."

"Tubby" Myers: "What's all the discussion?"

Miss Carlisle: "That is not good citizenship."

Miss Seibert: "Arthur, keep still!"

Miss Hyde: "Bless your heart!"

Miss McNicol: "What do you mean by THAT?"

Mrs. Richard: "O murder!"

"Brownie" Springer: "Hey, fellows."

Miss McKenney: "Why the parade?"

Miss Jarvis: "Keep your feet still!"

Miss Palmer: "All clear now?"

Miss McNinch: "Now then—"

Miss Harris: "Promptly, please."

Miss Cameron: "By the way—"

Miss Aldworth: "Straighten the line!"

Miss Tallmadge: "Now this is fundamental."

Miss Meregold: "T-E-N-T-H H-O-U-R"

We wonder if the interest Mr. Draper has been taking in Mr. Southern's "hope-chest" is just from curiosity or whether it has started sompin'. "In the Spring, etc."

FOR RENT—The Boys' Honor Roll on the Auditorium bulletin board. For terms, apply to the Clean-up Committee.

LITERARY



On the Threshold, Poem

Knickers, Prize Story

If, Poem

The Broken Staff

Like the Others

Foibles of a Fantastic Faculty

Juniors vs. Seniors

The Seasons

Journey through a Strange Land

Interrogation

Capital Punishment

School Dictionary

Class Will

Class Prophecy



On The Threshold

DEDICATED TO THE HONOR STUDENTS

(Air—*The Blue Alsatian Mountains*)

Near Lake Huron's crystal waters,
By the broad and blue St. Clair,
Loved by all her sons and daughters,
Stands a city passing fair.
Stands a city passing fair.
And there, on a street called Erie
May be seen a stately pile
Whose wide halls are never dreary;
Work and play the hours beguile.

Refrain—

Our school, Port Huron High!
Its charm will never die;
And we'll gladly sing its praises
While the years of life glide by.

But, each year, a shade of sadness
Falls upon our school so dear,
Lessens in our hearts the gladness
That the summer days are near.
That the summer days are near.
For there always comes a parting
From some boys and girls we've known;
In their larger life soon starting
They will reap what we have sown.

Refrain—

Here tonight, in joy we're meeting
With the winners in a race,
May we bring you cordial greeting,
May new bays your brows soon grace!
May new bays your brows soon grace!
On the threshold you are standing
Of Life's temple, stately, fair;
May you enter in, demanding
New and larger honors there!

Refrain—

H. F. NAUMANN

Knickers

Knickers—gray ones—tweed ones, perfectly respectable, adorable little gray tweed knickers, with a jaunty little coat to match. Bernaline removed them from their tissue paper wrappings and held them up, critically taking in each little detail. The knee bands, each smart with a little row of smoked gray pearl buttons to be snugly adjusted around her plump knees. Two diminutive pockets with a thoroughly tom-boyish air, and even a trig little dove-gray belt, just like dad's, to encircle her waist. The coat, of course, was just like any other coat, although, she conceded, smart enough to go with the gray tweed knickers.

She kicked the box and its wrappings aside, and tossed both garments on the bed. Drawing her chair up to the dressing table she began to let down her fluffy golden hair. It rippled in little waves about her plump shoulders and Bernaline began to brush it with a vengeance. Her usually smooth brow was puckered into many little wrinkles. Bernaline was frowning. Dad, of course, would spoil it all. He would refuse to let her wear them. At this thought she quite unintentionally gave her hair a vicious pull. Why were dads so unreasonable, she reflected. She wanted to!—Her legs were not deformed! If they hurt anyone's aesthetic feelings, and if, as Dad had said, "It was positively demoralizing," she was sure they needn't look at them. Now if she were knock-kneed—or bow-legged—Bernaline stretched out two rounded tapering limbs, clad in the sheerest of sheer silk stockings and thoughtfully considered them, seeming to pass approval. She coiled her hair up in crinkly little wavelets and deftly formed a puff at the back of her head. A fluttering of powder and a mere essence of rouge she applied to her face, and then gathering up the knickers and coat, she bravely sallied forth prepared to convince the world, and even dads as to the true worth of knickers.

The sun was sinking behind the row of maples that skirted the road. It was almost tea time. Dads would be in the library, involved behind the evening paper.

"Dads, oh Dads!"

"Right here, Beans, right here." Dads lowered the evening paper and removed his glasses, disclosing a pink, grizzled and an altogether jolly, fatherly face.

"What's the trouble now, Beans?"

"Dads, I wish you would get over calling me 'Beans.' You know it doesn't sound very dignified, and this is my eighteenth birthday."

"Now, now Bean—I mean Bernaline, dear, you know I don't mean to, but haven't I often insisted that I'm not in the plural?"

"Dads"! You make me feel like a whole battalion of——"

"Oh well, Dads, we've argued that out oceans of times." Seating herself on the arm of his chair, and playfully tweaking one of his pink ears, she held forth the gray tweed knickers. Dad's expression at once changed. Tiny little wrinkles deepened around his eyes, and his jaw took on a most adamant

expression. He puckered up his lips and scowled—yes, actually scowled, at those respectable, adorable gray tweed knickers!

Bernaline was equal to the occasion. She appeared at once, both amazed and alarmed.

“Why, Dads, don’t you like——.”

“Beans!” His voice was really stern. “We’ve discussed these—these—*pants* before! You know very well that when I gave you your birthday check it was understood——.”

“But Dads, you never told me not to buy them!” She eyed him triumphantly, for it was the truth, if not the whole truth, at least partly so.

Dads arose abruptly from the armchair and began to pace the floor with long, rapid, angry strides. He kept puckering and pursing his lips in a most alarming fashion. It was a sure sign. Dads was mad.

Clearly, it was time to have a tantrum. She always had to when he got this way. She slid off the arm into the deep hollow of Dad’s favorite armchair. She crumpled up into a little heap that was intended to appear pitiable. She began to cry, letting occasional little sobs wrack her tiny frame. Surely, this would move him. Bernaline, unlike most of the feminine species, could cry becomingly. Her nose never got red, and, what was better, she always gained her point.

Dads, however, was obdurate. He stood framed in the window at the end of the library. The last rays of the setting sun lit up his gray hairs, making a halo about him. It was a pretty tough job, he reflected. He thought of the first time she had threatened to do her hair up; and the first time she had rolled her stockings; and the first time she had put that abominable rouge on. Yes, she had won out every time. He thought of what his wife would have done, if she were living, about these—*pants*—. No, Mary wouldn’t have let her wear them. He must be firm.

Bernaline’s sobs increased in violence and volume. She peeked from between her fingers for a very brief moment. He still stood grimly peering off through the row of maples. Bernaline added a few long drawn out sighs to her repertoire. These seldom failed to melt him.

How long was Dads going to stand there? It was very hot and cramped, all crumpled up there with her head buried in her blue organdie. Her dress would be ruined too! It was no time, however, to allow a cramped elbow or even a new blue organdie to shake her from her purpose. Her sobs reached an alarming violence, and a little French heel began, very methodically, to kick at the good English tapestry of Dad’s chair.

With an abrupt movement, characteristic of Dads, he turned from the window and, rapidly crossing the floor, picked her out of the armchair as one would a naughty puppy, and sat her down squarely on his knee. Bernaline pushed a damp tangle of golden hair out of her eyes, snuggled down, and peeped mischievously under one wayward curl. She looked again, suspiciously.

Dads was not playing true to form. Instead of the sorry, ashamed look in his eyes there was an exultant gleam. She was sure of it.

He probably noticed, for his face at once assumed a most woe-begone and self-abashed expression. Of course he was sorry for hurting his little Beans! Sure she could wear the knickers to the Country Club tomorrow! He never knew she really wanted to so badly!

And soon Bernaline was her normal, cheery self again. They sat before the ruddy glow of the open hearth fire and as twilight deepened 'round them, discussed plans for the week-end trip to the Country Club.

Bernaline spent the evening putting over her clothes to be packed. There was the pale blue taffeta for the dance tomorrow night. Cecil would be there. She gave the pink rosebuds an additional tweaking and puffing and patting, and sat down before her mirror to take inventory. Should she wear her hair high or low? Cecil liked it low. Heavens! Was that a freckle on the tip of her nose? Only a speck of tapestry lint. She had probably cried too enthusiastically.

She resumed her preparations—Comb, brush, powder, scent, hair-pins, cold-cream, her linen dress to wear in the mornings, an afternoon frock, and a thousand and one other "necessities" she crammed into her travelling bag.

Dads came after her bag, saying that he intended to have everything ready to pack in the launch, and no tomfoolery about it either! Bernaline excused him with a knowing little nod of her head. Men were always that way when they were going anywhere; so excited and afraid they'd be late! She pulled the covers under her chin that night with a weary little sigh. It had been a hard day—but tomorrow—.

They both overslept. It was almost noon when Dads came banging at her door. He had breakfasted, the launch was packed, and he was waiting! With one bound Bernaline was out of bed, in two bounds she was splashing in her morning tub, and in three bounds, figuratively speaking of course, she was dressed. Dressed in the gray tweed knickers! A trim little shirtwaist, very mannish, she decided, would require a tie—a mannish tie. A pearl gray tie of Dads, the one she had given him for Christmas, suited the purpose admirably. She drew a snug little roll-brimmed toque over her neatly coiled hair and donned the coat. The resultant image in the mirror was quite satisfying, and with an extra dab of powder, for one can't be entirely satisfied without it, she tripped lightly downstairs.

Dads was fussing and fuming. She even suspected him of swearing a bit under his breath. He did give way to it on occasions like this, or when screwing bolts under the car. She ate her breakfast with as much composure as possible. Everything was going off quite smoothly, considering how Dads hated her knickers.

"Beans! Beans! Dads' voice boomed in the doorway.

"Yes, Dads." With a few last instructions to Ellen she darted out of the house and down the path to the summer-house where Dads was impatiently waiting.

It was a fine June morning. A fresh breeze was blowing off the lake. A few gulls rose lazily from the waters and stretched their wings. It was an

ideal day for the trip, and then, too, there were the knickers, which were quite sufficient in themselves to constitute an ideal day. Safely tucked in the boat, and the motor purring, Bernaline felt she had never been more at peace with the world and with Dads. It might be well to humor him, seeing that he had given in so nicely.

"Dads isn't mad, is he Dads?" she said brushing her smooth cheek against his rough one.

"Nope," avowed Dads. His face was smug, exultant, almost triumphant. She didn't like it. She couldn't understand it. But then dads were always like that. Plato, or was it Pluto? had said something about women being hard to understand. Had he never met a man?

With these thoughts Bernaline settled down in the stern of the boat. Dads' eyes were straight ahead, intent upon his course. The Jetties loomed vaguely in the distance, and the Canadian shore was fast receding from her view. For the last six years they had made their summer home at Point Calm. Dads had always maintained that the fishing was better on the Canadian side. The distance across the lake at this point was only about six miles as they were near the outlet where Lake Poinneset emptied its waters into the Clane River. The vast sheet of deep blue water made Bernaline pensive. She became thoughtful and reflective. Would Cecil be changed much? A year at Annapolis was apt to change one she felt. Then there was Mary—Mary Bond, not quite so simple as her name. She would be just the same. Probably try to vamp Cecil just as she had Hugh Southey last summer. She'd have to be careful and watch Cecil. Then there would be Aggie, and Perce, Edith, Tricks, and fat jolly old Somers. He would kid her as usual. It would be good to see them all again.

She could see the shore plainly now, and soon the shimmering whiteness of the stuccoed clubhouse was visible through the screen of pine trees. Bernaline removed her powder puff from its hiding place and deftly powdered her nose. And then those last necessary instructions to Dads, which, as lady of the house, it was her duty to give. Remember now, he mustn't play pinocle with that horrid Thompson bunch all night. And please, please remember not to call her "Beans."

There was quite a throng on the beach and on the pier. She almost wished that there wouldn't be quite so many present to see her knickers initiated. There was no backing out now, for Dads was holding out his hand to help her up the slippery steps. Everyone turned, she could feel them staring. Oh! It was such a long pier, and so far to the clubhouse! She glanced up at Dads. He was smiling and greeting his friends on either side. She stared straight ahead, hoping to avert the glance of possible acquaintances in the crowd. As they went up the steps Dads, with a twinkle in his eye, asked her if she had not had enough.

"Enough! Why Dads, I hadn't even thought about them," she glibly lied. Dads laughed, and it made her so mad. She'd show him.

Room 13, they always saved it for her. She felt quite at home here. She

slipped into the wicker chair to relax for a moment. She mustn't get tired out like this, right at the start! She tucked the wayward fluffs of hair under her hat and went downstairs. In the lobby were Mr. Parks, Sup't. of Sunday Schools, Mr. and Mrs. Bouner, Tommy Blair, the Nestle twins and lots of new people. They all greeted her cordially, but underneath it all she felt that they were shocked. Buffington was conservative! As she went out the door she noticed that Mr. Parks turned to look twice. The hypocrite! He'd probably be lecturing on The Evils of Modern Dress to his Sunday School next week, too!

Old George brought her clubs and called a caddy. She looked over the greens and tried to single out Cecil or any of "her bunch." Yes, that was Cecil near the spectators' bench. She carefully teed her ball and drove off. Unless Providence intervened it surely ought to bring her right up alongside of Cecil. It did! He saw her now—no—did he recognize her? Yes, he did. Bernaline leaned on her mashie and watched him as he rapidly crossed the greens. He was bigger she felt—broader, yes—and taller than when she had last seen him. His grin, though, hadn't changed a bit. He was very glad to see her, she knew, but somehow she felt—What made him blush so? Could it be the knickers? But no, she laughed and dismissed it from her mind. They chatted over old times, (the old times being last summer!) and then he teed his ball and drove off beside her.

They were equal players and kept tagging and overlapping each other's scores in friendly fashion. It was lots of fun. Down by the seventh hole was the rustic bridge that crossed Bend's Creek. She remembered how they always used to sneak off from the bunch across the bridge when they reached the seventh. Would he remember, too? But no, when they reached the seventh he teed and drove right on. At the fourteenth they decided to give it up. It was getting late. He took her clubs and they walked back together. She talked incessantly, as usual, but he fell into little silences from time to time that she could not understand.

It was 6 o'clock when they reached the clubhouse. They would barely have time to dress. She hastened upstairs. She was somewhat disappointed with Cecil. He had seemed a bit distant. She washed, did her hair, and unlocked her bag, preparatory to dressing. She pulled the bag open, and with a startled cry drew a pair of Dads' old checkered pants. She had gotten Dads' bag by mistake—no—the initials on it were hers—B. R.—Bernaline Rowens. She hurriedly drew forth the rest of the clothing—pants—pants—pants! Dads' old golf trousers, the gray ones he wore fishing, the ones that belonged to his old tan suit, even the trousers that Tim, the gardener, had discarded. What could it mean? Dads—he had something to do with it! She scurried up the hall to room 14, one pair of the offensive trousers in her hand, and called loudly for him to open the door. After some hesitation Dads opened the door with an aggravating air of innocence and surprise.

"Dads! Whatever in the world! My bag is full of pants! Pants!" she ejaculated, half crying. "Have you got my—Oh Dads! You did it! You did it! She burst out, the tears dripping, unrestrained, off the tip of her nose. Vainly he declared his innocence. She slammed the door and ran down the hall



to her room. She collapsed on the bed. What else could she do? A tantrum—not for effect, however. She cried till the silk coverlet was quite wet. How could he! How could he! the mean old thing! She gave the pillow a vicious jab. How could he!

It was dark when Bernaline decided there was no use crying any more. She could hear them going downstairs. She felt terribly alone. Dads had probably gone downstairs already. It wouldn't hurt to watch them coming out of their rooms anyway. She wondered how Mary Bond was dressed. She opened the door—just a tiny little crack. There was a banging of doors all over the house and a general air of approaching merriment. Mrs. Biggs and her husband stepped out of room 7. He was suffering from a very stiff high collar, while she, poor woman, was laced within an inch of her life. Bernaline feared momentarily to see her sleek black satin gown split up the back. She reached the head of the stairs however, and then disappeared without such a terrible catastrophe occurring. Then Pudgy came out. Her dress was a marvel, turquoise net over gold. A little tear coursed down Bernaline's cheek. This was terrible! Door 5 opened; Mary Bond stepped out. Bernaline sank in a little heap on the floor. It was a knockout! Tight silver brocade underslip covered with black chiffon and touches of rose. Rose and silver buds were 'twined in her black bobbed hair. Mary, unconscious of her audience, practiced waving her fan in a most engaging manner before the pier glass, and then swept—yes, just swept, majestically down the staircase. What would become of Cecil with that woman loose! Bernaline doubled up and wept, wept tears of real remorse. Those darn old knickers!

The music began. She sat there for a long time and finally decided she could stand it no longer. The hall and stairs were empty. Everyone was dancing. She could sneak out the side door unobserved and watch the gayety from outside. She gained the foot of the stairs without being seen and cautiously tiptoed out the door. The breeze from the lake was refreshing. Her head was awfully hot. She crept along beside the vine-clad wall to one of the open windows. Strains of the Something-or-other Blues, bits of laughter and gay chatter were wafted out on the evening air. It made her feel so lonely! Thanks to her knickers, she was able to climb up on an elbow of the water-spouting, where, partly concealed by the abundant shrubbery and vines, she could watch the dancers unobserved. She tucked one tweed clad knee under the other, leaned back against the wall and sighed. She thought of her blue taffeta dress, the one with the pink rosebuds. If she only had it!

Was that Cecil over near the wall? Yes, it was. Who was he dancing with? If that fat old Mrs. Biggs would only get out of the way! Horrors! It was Mary Bond. This was too much. The tears rolled off her chin so fast that they made a steady stream. She tried to dry them up with a square bit of linen that was ridiculously inadequate. If she only had a skirt, any kind of a skirt, even a petticoat!

It was positively heart-breaking to watch them. Cecil was laughing. She wondered what Mary was saying. The music ended suddenly, and the couples sat down in little groups about the hall. Mary and Cecil were headed for the

seat beneath the window. Suppose she were discovered! She snuggled back into the protecting vines. Mary and Cecil sat down beneath the window. Of course she mustn't listen! And quite naturally, she did. They were both laughing now, very heartily. Then she heard her own name. Throwing caution to the winds she leaned forward to hear what it could be. Mary was talking.

"And she didn't have a single dress, no, only her knickers!" Here they both laughed again. "Yes, he told my father."

Bernaline slid off the rain spouting into the soft damp earth. She would never speak to Mary Bond again! And the way he had laughed! She ran up the path to the side door. As she hurried upstairs she could see Dads in the billiard room. He was playing pinocle again. The old villain.

He'd have to give her something pretty big to make up for all this. A trip to New York maybe. This thought soothed her flagged spirits somewhat, and put her in a state more conducive to sleep. All night she dreamt of huge tweed knickers, hordes of laughing Cecils, and a strange, strange land where none of the little girls wore skirts—not even petticoats!

She awoke early, dressed in the now detested knickers, and waited for something to happen. The house was strangely quiet. Dads wouldn't dare to stay away too long, and besides she'd starve, yes starve! before she'd go downstairs for anything to eat.

At six a very gentle, half-apologetic knock was heard on Bernaline's door. She waited a moment in order to develop an expression of martyrdom. She must be very dignified. She opened the door with as dignified a manner as possible. Dads almost spoiled it all. He was grinning, a great big grin from ear to ear.

"Now, now, Beans, you mustn't take it like that!"

"My name is not 'Beans,' and I do not consider this in the light of a practical joke. Suppose I took your clothes away and gave you a whole trunk full of skirts. Suppose——."

"You haven't seen me trying to wear any skirts, have you?"

"No, men aren't—aren't original enough. S'pose they'll always wear p'pants. She choked on the last word. She was so mad she couldn't help it. A tear sidled down one cheek.

"Here's a dress, thought you might like it," said Dads, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye. And I'll have the launch ready to go inside of fifteen minutes if you want to go," he added, as he closed the door.

Bernaline dropped into the nearest chair. Of all the things she had wanted to say, and hadn't said a thing! To deprive a woman of the last word was to her, a tragedy indeed. She unfolded the dress and held it up—a limp bit of gingham. It was an old thing that she sometimes wore puttering around in the garden. It bore evidences, in several earthly little smudges of its use too. She gave it an enthusiastic little hug; after all it was a skirt! She gingerly kicked the knickers off and buttoned the gingham slip up the back. It felt good to have a skirt on again. She mustn't admit it to Dads though; just



STUDENT



let on she was doing him a favor by wearing it. She tumbled her hair into a reckless little knob, inserted a few hair pins helter-skelter fashion, and then drew the gray toque down, rather precariously over one eye. She threw all the old trousers into her bag; Dads might need them. There wasn't room for the gray tweed knickers, so she tucked them under one arm, and opened the door a tiny crack. An early Sunday morning silence prevailed the house. Only the periodic snore of the occupant of Number 12 broke the stillness. This sound, however, reassured her. She hoped no one would see her leaving in this ignominious fashion. She made her way cautiously over the waxed floor, stopping occasionally at an imaginary noise. The steps creaked fearfully. She stopped on each one. Surely everyone would rush out to see what that terrible squeaking noise was! The faint echo of Number twelve's snore calmed her fears. She opened the door very quietly and slipped out. An inexpressible feeling of freeness possessed her, as though she had left all her troubles behind by closing the door. She skipped down the steps and up the path between the stalwart pines.

The beach was wonderful this morning, white sand and tall dark pines. Lake Huron had never been more beautiful. Its bosom moved forward in gently undulating waves, surging up in crests of bubbling white foam only to disappear, as if by magic, as soon as it touched the white sands. The crimson sun, newly risen, suffused everything with its vital glow and made all nature seem alive.

She suppressed a mad desire to sing at the top of her voice. Somehow she felt humbled and overjoyed at the same time. The launch was tied at the end of the pier. Dads had not come yet. She lowered her bag into the boat and then carefully climbed in. She patted and puffed the cushions in the stern and sat down, demurely smoothing her skirt in an almost affectionate manner. Skirts were pretty nice.

Dads came, whistling, down the pier. He seemed not to care if the whole world heard him. She felt strangely humbled. She looked down, and then out over the sparkling waters. He said not a word, but, with an air of assurance set the motor chugging. The boat glided smoothly through the waters, leaving effervescing furrows in its wake. A silence, eloquent in itself, followed, interrupted only by the monotonous chugging of the engine. Bernaline slid forward on her cushions. He was a pretty good old sport after all! It had been a wee bit her own fault. She considered the back of his head with large brooding, blue eyes. She wished he'd say something. Leaning farther forward she timorously plucked him by the sleeve, just as a naughty puppy paws one after he has upset the goldfish.

"Dads—Dads—I wish—I'm sorry—I wish I never saw no old knickers!"

One great big brawny arm slid down around her shoulders. She dug her nose into his wooly old sweater. It was so nice to have something to cry on!

"Beans, then why don't you——."

He didn't need to finish. It occurred to her at the same time. She picked up the knickers, intently regarding them for a very brief moment, and then

raised and hurled them into the water. She watched them as they buoyantly rose and fell with the waves. Their wooly texture seemed impervious to the water. They would not be submerged. Noticing this, Bernaline, pointed one slim pink finger at the retreating knickers and sagely remarked: "Dads, look, they're all wool anyway!"

And then they both laughed. They had to!

HELEN DEWOLF, '22.

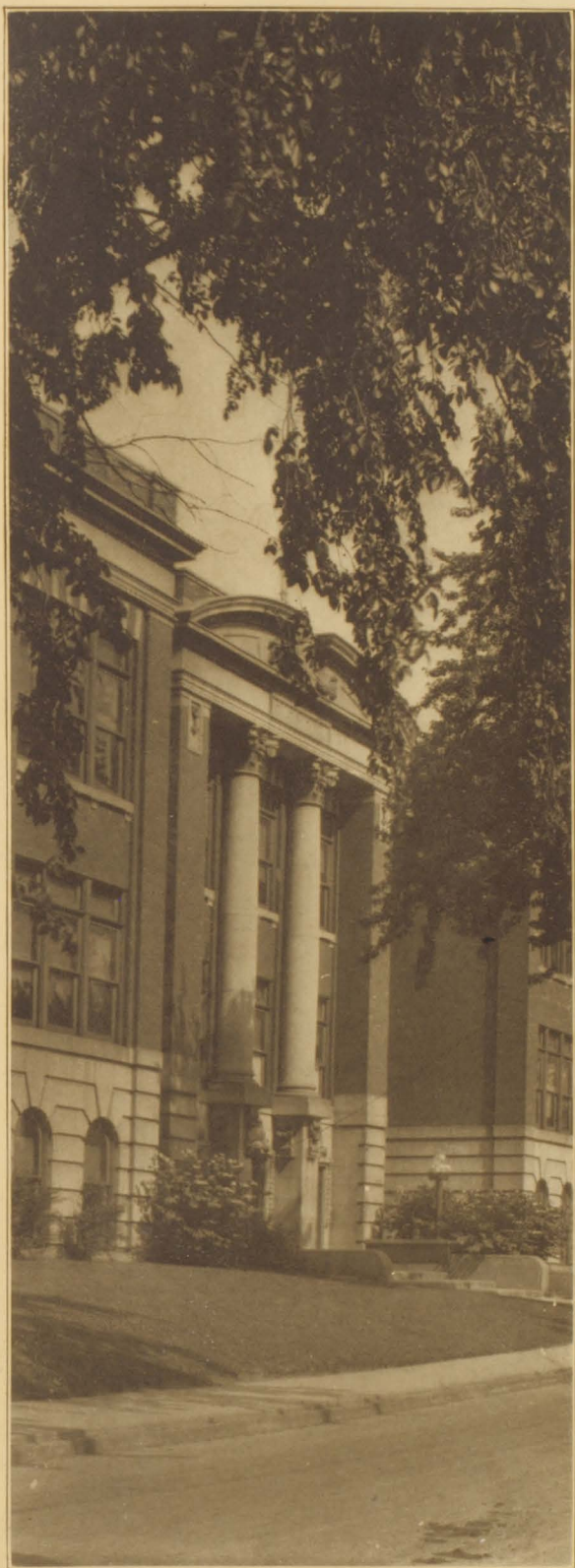
Four Stories In One, or The Baer Escape

The fire raging hot within had cut off all escape
The little girl, four stories up, stood shrouded in her cape,
The fear-struck thousands down below, stood staring at her there
She was helpless, they were helpless,—all they did was stare.

II

There she stood, dear reader, four stories above the ground —
A tiny, shrinking little girl with no escape around
But the multitude was staring so she forgot her cares
And bravely stepped back from the sill and calmly used the stairs.





*When your heart is bowed
with sadness
And your hair is white with
age,
When your weary footsteps
falter
In life's troubled pilgrimage,
When your soul of earth is
weary
And you sigh at rest to be,
Then dear, let memory guide
you,
To the days you spent with me.*



*"Looking like Lethe see!
the lake
A conscious slumber seems
to take,
And would not, for the
world, awake.
All beauty sleeps!"*

—Edgar Allen Poe.



*"The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn,
Morning's at seven,
The hillside's dew-pearled,
The lark's on the wing,
The snails' on the thorn,
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!"*

—Robert Browning.



*"The Lighthouse lifts its
massive masonry,
A pillar of fire by night,
of cloud by day.*

*And the great ships sail
outward and return,
Bending and bowing o'er
the billowy swells,
And ever joyful as they see
it burn,
They wave their silent
welcomes and farewells.*

*They come forth from the
darkness, and their sails
Gleam for a moment only
in the blaze,
And eager faces, as the
light unveils,
Gaze at the tower, and van-
ish while they gaze."*

—Longfellow.

“If”

(Apologies to Kipling)

If you can get your work when all about you
Are giggling and are making fun of you;
If you can trust your work when others doubt you
And still believe their doubtings may be true;
If you can get to school on time and not be sleepy
Or coming late do not forget to stay;
And when the teacher says, “I shall dismiss thee.”
Can smile and call it, all in all, a perfect day;

II

If you can stay awake then dreams won't be your master,
If you can think and make those thoughts your aim;
If you can get an “E” which means disaster
And treat that grave impostor like an “A”;
If you can bear to hear the words you've spoken
Twisted and copied to make of you a fool;
Or have the work you gave your time to stolen
And stay to do it 'Fore you leave the school;

III

If you can make one heap of all your ponies
And never look to see where they are tossed;
And flunk, and start again without a longing
To tell your other classmates that you lost;
If you can concentrate for all that's in you
And stay at home when all the rest are gone;
And study on when there is no one near you
Except your will which says to you “Stay Home!”

IV

If you can talk all hour and keep your virtue
And pass a note and miss the teacher's touch
If neither Chemistry or Latin grieve you
If all marks count with you but none too much;
If you can fill the never-ending hour
With forty minutes full of work—not fun;
Yours is the school and everything that's in it
And—what is more—you'll get an “A” my son.

ERNA GOSCHNICK.

The Broken Staff

School is over. The last of the wild-eyed, bobbed haired generation had passed out into the world for the two short months of their summer vacation. Some to take up the duties befitting men and women of the world, others to return and, amidst the shuffling of too little worn text pages, each dreams of his own chances of graduation.

A large white car draws up to the curb, and then another and another. Each stop before the main entrance and white liveried footmen rush up to the door and disappear within the stillness of the school. Who was hurt? What terrible calamity could have befallen Mr. Davis, Mr. Meade? Perhaps these men had come for the remains of some poor scholar who had been trampled underfoot in the last mad rush of his fellow students. The suspense is unbearable. We move closer as the door is seen to open. A tall gaunt man is being supported on the arms of white coated attendants. That face is familiar! A curious vacant smile lights up the wrinkled but young looking countenance, and as he runs thin ink-stained fingers through disheveled gray hair, we hear him mutter disconnectedly, "It can't be—it can't be, I tell you. Two and two is four, three and one must be something else."

A wave of pity passes over us as we realize that this spectre, this wreck of humanity is all that remains of a once noble personage. Never again shall George Durand strut the corridors of Port Huron High School. Never again shall that aerial-like figure impress the Freshmen with a height not merely physical.

We turn away with a strange choking in our throats as the fallen monarch is lifted into the waiting van. As the door is locked and the truck moves away, he is heard above the roar of the motor, "AND ONLY SIX HUNDRED COPIES."

The door opens again. Framed in the dark passageway, appears the form and visage which a short week since was familiar to the most self-centered inhabitant of the school. Although held firmly by two herculean attendants, the wild-eyed wreck almost succeeds in tearing himself loose. Surely this immense strength could never belong to any but a maniac. He is finally subdued, still muttering incoherently, and as he is about to enter the conveyance, turns suddenly and with one of his old dignified gestures, cries, "I tell you, contributions are not coming fast enough. We go to press in a week."

The attendants, scenting another spasm, throw themselves upon him and catapult him into the waiting ambulance, which immediately sets sail. We gaze upon the swift vanishing car with a reverence untold, for in that car reposes the residue of a great experiment, Our Editor.

With bated breath we turn again. From the doorway emerges a milling, stamping group. It is the remainder of the staff. How pathetic, how pitiful. On the outskirts of the group in light skirmishing formation, gallop several attendants. Two of the group fall out, and, seating themselves upon the walk, solemnly commence a game of "jacks." We turn away with a sickening tug at

our heart-strings, for we had always known Harold Thornton and Grant Donaldson.

In the vanguard of the erratic group, a shy little maiden, studiously scanning the reverse sign of a street car transfer, is seen to stop and with a sudden shout, cries: "Wonderful! This story will look great in print."

Oh, Phyllis! To what depths have you fallen? To what levels have you sunk that you should act thus?

We turn from the pathetic spectacle of our diminutive literary editor in time to see,—but who is this, who detaches himself from the group and with surpassing agility, scrambles up the largest tree? Squatting upon the extreme end of a perilously swaying limb, he delightedly goes through the motions of throwing imaginary cocoanuts upon the upturned faces of his erstwhile colleagues.

Enticed by a handful of peanuts exhibited by one of the attendants, the would-be Tarzan descends, and is chained and deposited within the gloomy interior of the ambulance. Thus disappears from pen of man, the crook of the staff, our circulation manager, William Andrews.

The attendants, angered by the unruliness of their charges, hurriedly bundle the rest into their respective limousines, and amidst the clanging of bells and the snorting of motors, the surviving members of a once ambitious Student Staff go on their final long ride.

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT YEAR)

"Like The Others"

If I must believe as others believe, and talk as others do,
I'll find myself deceived in all that glitters too.
And sometimes on the tracks of time
I'll wonder at the things men point as mine,
And somewhere through the smothered light afar
I'll be fooled into seeing a golden-bending star!

If I must judge as others judge, in the deeds of Every Day,
All the floods of the sunset fade and melt away.
But yet this dinginess in set alight
And all the universe seems exactly right.
When I heed a tiny tended fire
Of startling hope and great desire.

If I must improve as others improve, with an ever shrugging pose,
I'll lose the everlasting fragrance of the hyacinth and rose.
But if somehow I could only find
My wistful feet running where Truth should wind
Its course into some secret nook—
Where only "God" himself would care to look!

ELEANOR CADY.

Foibles of A Fantastic Faculty

A One Act Playlet by the author of "Hooshoo in Siberia." All gowns by Woolworth of New York, Mount Clemens, etc. Music and lyrics from the works of "Danny" Green. Costumes as suggested by Slovakian Police.

ACT 1—SCENE 1

Orchestra renders "Scratchmi" from Ivanoffullitch. Curtain rises, disclosing a sunkissed lake in the southern part of Rushia. Four men, evidently Millers with Brush covering their faces, are endeavoring to articulate in French.

"Rise Dorf," cried one, "Robins'son will soon be here!"

"Would words came so freely to me," snapped the one so addressed, "who are you anyway. Be you Kema?"

"Not I," hissed the first and Brushiest, "beware of what thou sayest, for I am strong on Scufflin!"

"I fear not," bellowed the other in childish anger, "my father was a Caruso and his people before him 'Hill singers.' How dare you ray me???"

"Please, Mick, Collom down," lips he of the crossed eyes, "before thou sayest Moore."

"Ross mittum," screams Mick. "I have never kicked about my work. Would not I rather sweep the Hall i' stead?"

"What could be Sweetzer?" shouts the most villainous, as he laughs erratically and, moving towards his Hoss murmurs: "Who is this Mac Laren, this rough-neck?—I know! I know! He is a spy of the Queen. Clever enough in life, even in death one cannot Frazee her."

And with this he pulls from his pocket a package of Kellogg's shredded ginger-snaps, which he bashfully offers to his dilapidated steed saying, "My Meed of happiness is complete. I know now! Mac Laren is a cheese!!!"

The orchestra strikes "Annie Roonie" up, and as the curtain slowly drops, the usher is seen to be busily engaged in waking the audience.

———"Aw, gwan! I Senior Play!"——

CURTAIN.

Juniors vs. Seniors

Last fall the antagonism between the upper classes of our fair High School came to head when the Seniors sent their ambassador extraordinary into the Junior Session room with a challenge to settle all grievances on the field of honor, which was, of course, Watkins' Field. The weapon was to be a football. The Juniors called their bluff and sent their ambassador very, very extraordinary into the Senior Session room with their acceptance. November fourth was set as the date, but whoever selected it consulted the wrong almanac or it was last year's, maybe.

STUDENT

For several weeks the teams rehearsed; the Seniors at White Park and the Juniors at Pine Grove. Both spent considerable time spying on the other for signals, with the result that they learned each other's signals better than they did their own.

At last the day arrived! And such a day! It really would have been a nice day all day if it hadn't rained! School was dismissed early and betook itself to Watkins' Field. The bleachers were covered with dew and so the Juniors took the grandstand and allowed the Seniors to occupy the bleachers. They also brought crutches, bandages, and stretchers for their friends, the Senior players, in anticipation of casualties. And to cap their generosity, they provided a band which could play the funeral march, if there should be one of those sad occurrences. The selection from Chopin was all they could play, but they played that well. They always were such a kind considerate class, those Juniors.

As for the field itself, it looked like a Kansas City Stockyard, so Danny Green said, and more so after the slaughter was over. The mud was deep and oozy, and the clay was that embracing, adhering kind. Some observers said the most water was between the North and South sides of the field, while others said it was mostly between the two ends.

When all details were arranged, the two captains flipped for goal and kick off. The Seniors won, and their captain, after consulting the quadrant, sextant, and hydrant, found that the sun was in the south and the wind in the north and duly chose the east goal.

The two teams lined up for the kick off and the fight was on! The whistle blew and the ball which soared aloft, was plucked from the air and deposited in the water. Being full of air, it floated. In four downs the Seniors carried the ball three feet, and it only took the Juniors three to push it back again. Clearly, the Juniors were the better team. Then came a big surprise, the Juniors pushed the Senior's faces in the mud and before they could get it out of their eyes the kids from room "J" were holding a family reunion under the Senior goal post.

All this got the Seniors' angorra, and they resolved to play dirty, as well as look dirty. For the next four downs they annihilated and massacred the North-siders. Every stiff-arm and shoe-cleat left its autograph as a perpetual souvenir of the game. It was like a monsoon and a typhoon meeting in a head-on collision. And when the smoke cleared away and the wreckage became recognizable, the crowd in the stand could distinguish a Senior sitting on a black stone under the Junior two-by-four and the rest of the Seniors paddling around on rafts that slightly resembled some Juniors mothers' sons. A roar went up from the bleachers and a mighty groan from the grand stand, and the band make a noise like the lost chord.

Of course, the Seniors apologized for the rough way in which they had made the touchdown, but that didn't appease the Juniors' dignity, and while the Seniors were still in an apologetic mood, they made a second touchdown on them. This ended the scoring, but not the struggle.

STUDENT

Kicking and gouging, tearing, ripping and biting, the grand old Seniors plowed their way toward the goal, determined to even things up. With sixty yards to go and six minutes to play, the Juniors saw defeat looming blackly just ahead, and so they went and bribed the timekeeper with an Eskimo Pie. He shot the gun and ended the game, with it all doubts as to which class was the better.

Then the faculty established a sort of morgue, where friends and relatives could claim the mortally and otherwise wounded and maimed, also lost parts, such as arms, toes, ears, etc.

And when the grass grows green again on Watkins' Field and another generation has passed away, the tale of the titanic struggle between the upper classmen of Port Huron High will be dramatically told and graphically retold about the fire places.

G. McINTOSH, FEB. 23, '22.

The Athletic Field

Athletics is a subject
Of which P. H. H. S. is proud,
But for a place to practice in—
Sh! Don't say it quite so loud.

II

The ground is rough and bumpy;
The base lines are not true;
And if the ball should strike the ground
It'd probably go right through.

III

The place is old and far away,
But that's not all by far.
No place to dress, no place to rest,
No bleachers, shade or shelter.

IV

And if the wind should chance to blow
The field's a cloud of dust,
Or if it rains a little bit
The place is an awful muss.

V

A nice new Field to practice in
Would add much to our vim.
Then the fellows of P. H. H. S.
Many other schools would trim.

NEIL BROUGHNER.

The Seasons

SPRING

'This spring, the season of the year
When moody skies begin to clear,
When birds pour forth their melodies
As they build their nests in the budding trees,
'Tis then that the dreary days go by
And summer days are coming nigh.

SUMMER

In summer nature's garb is best
As all in splendor she is dressed,
Her rippling brooks, the buzzing bees
And flowers dancing in the breeze
Her fleeting clouds and skys so blue
Make sunshine present in all we do.

AUTUMN

The golden season of the year
Is autumn with its colors clear,
When nuts are ripe and pumpkins shine
All ready for cutting at Hallowe'en time.
The apple is ripe and the corn o'er the hill
Is gathered for grinding at the old fashioned mill.

WINTER

The earth is all covered with sparkling snow
And never a flower we see or can grow,
The stately pine tree in vain glory now stands
A ruler of all the surrounding lands,
While the shade trees of summer, their beauty long gone
Now envy the time when winter has come.

ERNA GOSCHNICK.

A Journey Through A Strange Land

And it came to pass, on a day, that the spirits of the Dear Departed did walk through the precincts of the High School. And some did pass in by the South entrance, and some did pass in by the North entrance; but none ventured by the way of the Great Front Entrance. For behold this entrance is never used, saved when the mystic hour of five has passed, and Mr. Schweitzer has caused the side doors to be closed.

And lo, as they approached the South entrance, casting their eyes upward, they beheld through an upper window a great crowd of young maidens jostling each other eagerly and gazing fixedly ahead, whilst they applied certain soft white articles to their noses.

Then these spirits murmured among themselves, and asked, "What is this strange custom which these young damsels are practicing?"

And the one who was guiding these beings through a strange land answered unto them, "Behold, in this age it hath come to pass that there appeareth on the noses of maidens a glossy finish, which needeth to be dulled by the application of a peculiar substance which these maidens are now applying."

And as they passed into the Penal Institution a great noise, a confused clamorous din assailed their ears, and one shook his head sadly, saying, "Alas, I fear conditions have not changed much in this respect; I still hear the teachers trying to keep order in the halls, even as I heard them in my youth."

But the Guiding Spirit answered unto him, "Lo thou art mistaken. This showeth much progress; this clamor ariseth from another cause. The students on hall duty are merely warning their classmates very kindly that it is time for them to be in their session rooms."

And lo, a glow of kindliness and good will seemed to permeate these spirits at this touching evidence of brotherly love among the students.

Then they passed on through the rooms of this Hall of Learning. As they entered a room labeled "Sewing" they beheld a group of suffering maidens sucking their fingers. And it came to pass that when they inquired concerning this pitiful spectacle, it was told unto them that in this room the innocent young damsels are required to sew a fine seam, and in doing this they pierce their fingers twice to every stitch they take.

And they passed over unto another room where they beheld a young girl seated in front of a pair of balances counting wearily, "Eight thousand one hundred twenty, eight thousand one hundred twenty-one—" And they gazed upon her with pity, supposing her to be insane; but it was explained to them that this was merely an experiment involved in the Physics course, and that she had to count to 15000. They were told that it was the custom for the students to bring their lunch and remain counting in front of the balances for many hours.

And behold, as they crossed over into another cell they saw a crowd of boys and girls coughing and gasping and hanging their heads out of the open windows. As they murmured among themselves, questioning as to this strange

STUDENT

phenomenon, their Guiding Spirit said unto them, "it hath come to pass that these afflicted beings have learned that Mr. Southern hath determined to flunk every thirteenth one on his list, and they are inventing poisonous gases with which to exterminate themselves, should they chance to be among the unfortunates."

And lo, after they had traversed the entire institution, seeing many more strange scenes, and hearing their names taken in vain and gross errors ascribed to them, they went out sorely puzzled and bewildered.

IRMA BURNS, '22.





“Interrogation”



When teacher asks for a recitation
On the simple subject of enunciation,
Or perhaps it is articulation,
Or, just suppose, the derivation
Of a common word like emancipation,
Why under the sun of this broad nation
Do you answer with an interrogation?

When teacher says, “What is emigration?”
Or, “Solve for x in that equation,”
You gaze at her in consternation
And have a horrid, sinking, sensation,
Then, when along comes an inspiration,
Why answer with an interrogation?

When teacher announces examination,
You're very far from feeling elation,
But—when she says there'll be a vacation,
You reach the pinnacle of exultation.
Why stoop from this elevation
To bother with an interrogation?

So now I say in desperation,
“Make it your determination,
To have a decided alteration
In your all and every occupation,
Are you to make of life's foundation
One long and endless interrogation?”

LILA CHASE, '24.



Capital Punishment

Ned Bentley's speech in the state legislature had been very successful. It had convinced many of the practicability of capital punishment. He walked to his room that night, his chest high, a victor.

As he neared his home he accidentally stepped on a little book. He put it in his pocket and almost forgot it was there until after he had eaten his supper.

After mealtime he went to his room, and thinking of the little book again he pulled it out of his pocket and discovered it to be a diary. It was a diary of James Hughes! The young man was being tried for murder only last week in California for the death of a noted banker, Andrew Burns! How should such a diary get way over to Michigan on the streets of the capital city?

Passing over a lot of nonsensical pages, Ned began reading:

"January First: I was convicted of the murder of Andrew Burns; wrote following letter to Mary Smith.

Dear Mary: You will know my fate by this time. I am to hang the first of April. Why there should be months of agony I do not know. I am trusting you do not believe a word of this terrible lie. I did not commit the murder. My conscience is clear. Do not whatever you do let Mother know. I thank God now that she is blind. The shock would kill her.

Please write to me in my loneliness and believe in me.

JIM.

January Third: I am finally in the death house. The room is dark and gloomy. It is storming outside as if the heavens were sympathizing with me.

January Twelfth: Mary came to see me today. She was beautiful. Her light hair and blue eyes made the sombre room delightful. Her teeth shone white like pearls. I held her in my arms for one glorious moment. She assured me Mother was ignorant of my fate, and said she knew that somehow my life would be spared.

All our hopes and dreams have been shattered by this outrage. Mary, old pal, however, will not give up the fight.

January Twentieth: They are hanging my pal in the next cell today. The prisoners are making an awful noise. Some are yelling and screaming. The only calm person in the prison is my pal. He seems to be glad to go and have it over with.

January Twenty-fifth: I received a letter from my attorney. He has given up the fight for a new trial, but he told me to be strong and brave through the whole affair.

February Fifth: Visitors were received today. They came to look over the murderers. One lady remarked that I looked vicious and certainly ought to be hung, and yet, before they used to tell me I was a picture of honesty and purity.

February Twelfth: I do not know how this manuscript will ever reach the world, but they do not object to my writing. This is Lincoln's birthday and I am wondering what he thought on capital punishment.

February Twenty-two: I was sick today. They cared for me with great diligence. I must not die before April First. They would lose the satisfaction of performing their little stunt to convince the people that they are carrying out rigidly the laws of the state.

March Fifteenth: An old lady visited me today. She reminded me of my Mother. She brought me a bouquet of roses to cheer me up a bit. She told me to trust in God and things would turn out as she hoped they would. She read it in my face. I wish I had the faith that she has.

March Thirty-first: Tomorrow will be my last writing. I go to the gallows tomorrow at noon. Mary bid me farewell today, poor girl. We were engaged to be married and her heart is broken. She was a wonderful pal.

My mother will never know my fate unless someone tells her. Mary keeps her comfortable as best she can.

I wish I could give my thoughts to the world on capital punishment. It is a curse on the country as slavery was a curse. It will bring a national calamity even as slavery did.

Tonight I will take my last sleep. I am going to sleep well tonight.

April First: This is my last morning. I slept like a babe last night. I ate a good breakfast, though it seemed rather foolish. They have given me a shirt without a collar this morning. I will not dress up for the occasion, though it is to be public. My room is filled with officials and reporters. I am evidently a very important man. They all seem most nervous and seem to desire to have it over with. They probably have other important engagements. How many of them will sleep tonight I do not know. I'll bet they'll want their beer after hanging me in the morning. The priest has asked my permission to be with me to the end. I have consented and he seems very happy.

I must stop writing now for it seems I am delaying the procession. I wonder where I'm going and what will happen. I wonder——.

Ned closed the diary. It had set him thinking. Was capital punishment such a good thing after all?

Later in the evening he took a walk in the moonlight. Suddenly he saw a man lying by the side of the road near Ned's home. He helped the man to his feet and took him to his room. The man was Jim Hughes!

"But Jim Hughes was hung last week," exclaimed Ned.

"I am not able to explain to you the cause of my being here. The fact is I am alive and hungry. All I know is, I was in a miraculous way saved when I dropped through the scaffold. They buried a mummy instead of me. Someone must have bribed the prison guards and the doctor who examined me after the hanging. Then I came out here to Michigan, and running out of money, I am weak from lack of food."

"You will be safe in my hands," answered Ned. "Yesterday I would have given you up to the police, but tonight it is different. I found your diary in the street today and I've read it. I have been the leader of the forces to establish capital punishment in Michigan, but from now on capital punishment will be a dead issue in the Wolverine state."

The next week Mary Smith arrived with Jim's mother and Ned set them off safely for the far country of Canada to begin life anew in the wilds of the North-West. From that time on Ned was an unrelenting foe of a great curse, capital punishment.

ED. STEPHENS.

Comparisons

I

Spring corresponds to the Freshman,
It's promising, bashful, and green,
It's still nothing but a beginning;
What it will be remains to be seen.

II

Summer is like the young Sophomore,
For it's much farther advanced than Spring,
And has blossomed forth with much splendor;
Has accomplished some quite brilliant things.

III

Autumn is just like a Junior,
Things are in a state of decline;
All too soon there'll be only reminders
Of honors which were yours and mine.

IV

Winter reminds me of Seniors
For a time all is gloomy and drear;
But the thoughts of happiness coming
Dispels all our worry and fear.

ELIZABETH McMANUS, '22

Our Spring Vacation

Our spring vacation is like riding in a Ford on an unknown road, you never know what is going to happen next. Of course, it is only natural that it should rain every day, and with the exception of a few "blow outs" nothing unusual happens. At the last of the week our hopes are hitting about 60 per. with expectations of having a collision with a good day, but on the last lap the whole engine falls out. The remaining two days are the worst of all, and after being towed in our usual overhauling begins Monday morning.

ROY BRIGGS.

An Ideal Senior

A Senior is a modest lad
But 'twill not e'er be so,
If he can only be the boy
That "she" wants for a beau.

Of course, he must have Franklin's hair,
No other wave will do,
And George's height will have great weight,
When our hero starts to woo.

Then from beneath a thick moustache,
Which long ago was sown,
Comes forth a sweet and childish voice,
I'll swear it's Fenner's own.

She will not find a sweeter smile,
Than Louis Weil's displayed,
Nor Mac's eyes with their guarantee,
Of color not to fade.

We'll give him Chester's graceful walk,
And Pete Smith's dancing feet;
We'll dress him up in Fred's spring suit,
And Alton's tie so neat.

His pictures you'll see everywhere,
This modest Senior lad,
For all the world will know him as,
Port Huron's "collar ad."

The School Dictionary

An alphabetically Classified collection of High School Scholarly Misinformation and Dislocation:

Algebra: A medieval form of torture, originated when cave-children got their alphabet and numbers mixed and tried to bluff through.

Ancient History: Any bit of gossip someone else tells before you get a chance to tell it. The jokes our teachers spring.

Andy: (Genus-Junioratica Pepitis)—Small plant, very hardy, which thrives in upper halls before school. Often found in the vicinity of a mixup or scrap.

Boys' Glee Club: Miss Fraser's pride and delight. It becomes peculiarly affected at the half-hour period every Tuesday.

Bluff: The tight-rope on which we walk from one exam. to another.

Club: "The bunch."

Class: A number of pupils of varying densities. Something we all desire but few of us have, namely, the art of looking like a million dollars with only two bits in your pocket.

Chemistry: "Phew! nuff sed."

Call to Office: A danger signal. Time to think up a good line.

Dub: The guy who can't get by with it. (Feminine—Dubbess.)

Duck: The thing to do when someone bigger than yourself starts after you.

Dumbell: Favorite term of endearment, especially in upper hall.

"E": What few look for but many get. The result of a failure to bluff through.

Exam: The last degree. (Synonymous with "Watterloo.")

English: The course where we pick the language to pieces and forget how to put it together again. (Similar to Humpty-Dumpty or an Ingersoll watch.)

Errand: An excuse for a yellow slip. Temporary relief from school.

Front Seat: The teacher's most effective method of punishment. Synonymous with torture.

Fin: Aquarium for hand. Synonymous with flipper (not flapper.)

Feet: Heaviest and most conspicuous part of a Sophomore.

Freak: The person who pulls straight "A's" and is interested in educational travelogues and debating.

Fish: Aquarium for nut, boob, etc. Often preceded by adjective "poor."

Graduation: The end which is only the beginning.

Gum: A hibrication to make the jaws go round. A commodity very necessary to hold down the under side of desks.

Goat: Something to be got. A person who thinks he is abused by each and all.

Gas: A thing very necessary to transportation. Usually furnished by "the old man."

S T U D E N T

Girls: What stand in groups in the hall every day talking. Synonymous with talking machine. Also see L. Simms "Why Men Leave Home."

He: Main topic of feminine conversation.

Hollow: The condition of an average head until a week before exams.

Hall: The place where we love to linger. The boardwalk and promenade.

Hugh: (Genns-Athleticum Staritus)—Hiss Woodward's pet peeve. Noted for early arrival at school.

Hall-walker: A persistent pest. A victim of wanderlust with complications of class lateness and gift of gab.

Inquisitive: The person who tries to find out what is none of his business.

If: The little word with a big meaning.

Juniors: The in-betweens. Above the Sophomores, but below the Seniors.

Jazz: Noise mixed with a little more noise. Second cousin to "pep." (Note—See Danny Green.)

Kiss: Something that is nothing yet is something. What is Hope to the Beginner, Faith to the Steady Case, and Charity to the Old Maid.

Kidder: A smart-aleck.

Locker: Where we leave our books, paper, themes, combs, mirrors, powder puffs, pins, etc.

Laziness: A chronic disease contracted in Sophomore year, lasting from three years upwards.

Money: Life's greatest necessity. What we all work for.

Monday: The beginning of this week's agony. The day when you just can't get het up.

Mouse: A small animal capable of causing a panic if turned loose in the right place.

Noise: Jazz undressed.

Necktie: That which should be seen and not heard.

Nickel: Singular—next to nothing; plural—chicken-feed.

Orders: Things to be obeyed or disregarded, according to who gives them.

Omit: What we would like to do to hard lessons.

Pep: What makes the wheels go round.

Powder Puff: The Senior girls' specialty, the Junior's necessity, the Soph's pride, and the Freshie's ambition.

Pony: A method of transportation during exam week.

Questions: The only evil of an exam. Where the brain refuses to function.

Quiz: An exam usually sprung without warning.

Roughneck: One who overdoes it.

Rouge: The sweet thing's rosy blush.

Red and White: Our paper, our colors, and our High School.

S T U D E N T

Sudden: Just what was expected but a little late. (Sweet young thing: "This is so sudden.")

Study: The golden path to an "A" which few follow.

Skiping School: A practice of the Seniors. The reason for pink slips.

Teacher: A necessary evil. The person who keeps an eagle eye on the class and passes out eighth period invitations. Anyone who breaks up groups in the halls (Seniors excepted.)

Unnecessary Noise: Any noise heard after the gong rings.

Verb: The main floor of sentences.

Vines: An effective screen for summer evenings.

Window: An unwashed space through which we may gaze if it is sufficiently transparent.

Watch Case: The place to carry "her" photo. (Note—Do not paste in. They stop the watch when they get two or three deep).

White Slip—The sign that your absence is forgiven.

X-cuse: Reason for forgery.

Yellow-slip: What enables you to go where you want to during class time without danger.

Zoology: The study where they cut up bugs, worms, cats, dogs and crawly things.

F. MEADE, '23.



Her

1

I watched her in the moonlight,
 I thought of her at night,
 It only was because of her,
 I was kept from getting tight.
 She took up all my thoughts and time
 My supernatural love
 And when I was around her
 I heard things from above.

11

Those voices told me secrets
 About her every day
 And I was so attached to her
 I couldn't get away.
 She made me get so finiky
 It simply was, just so
 Everything had to step aside
 For my Radio.

ALEX AVERY.

If I knew the box where the smiles are kept,
 No matter how large the key,
 Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard,
 'Twould open, I know, for me.
 Then over the land and sea broadcast,
 I'd scatter the smiles to play,
 That the teachers' faces might hold them fast
 For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough
 To hold all the frowns I meet,
 I would like to gather them, everyone,
 From the nursery, school, and street,
 Then, holding and folding, I'd pack them in,
 And after turning the monster key
 I'd hire a giant to drop the box
 Into the depths of the sea.

J. M. C., '23.

Class Will

We, the members of the class of 1922, being well fed, fully clothed, and in possession of all our faculties, feel called upon to offer to an expectant world, our last will and testament, said will and testament being rendered null and void in the event of our failure to pass out.

1. To the Sophomores do we bequeath permanently, the Basketball pennant loaned them at the close of the Interclass Tournament.
2. To the Juniors do we leave all gum adhering to the seats in our late home.
3. To Mr. Southern do we bequeath our prayer manuals to guide and direct him in those periods of silent prayer which always follows our usual spasmodic outbursts.
4. To Dick Minnie, George Durand's puny stature.
5. To Katy Gray, Gordon McIntosh's fleshy figure.
6. To Jack Cuttle, Clare Pratt's conscientious sense of duty.
7. To Miss Rush, all Literary Digests issued between August 33rd, 1904, and June 18, 1922.
8. To Mr. Hilzinger, John Allen's instruction manual on "Ford troubles and their remedies."
9. To John Ottaway, a sense of rhythm.
10. To Fletcher Meade, Chester Benedict's marble team.
11. To Isabel Ballentine, our ear for music.
12. To Miss Scupholm, any three points not in a straight line.
13. To Marguerite Saint Denis, her brother's propensity to regularity of attendance.
14. To Paul Soine, does Johnny Congo leave his abbreviated trousers.
15. To Jack Holmes, our friends on the police force.
16. To Virginia Reid, Katherine Philbrick's innocent expression—and any innocence that may attach to same.
17. To Emily Collins, her sister's good taste in men?
18. To Mildred Smith, Esther Paces' Junior "crush."
19. To "Dutch" Wright, the State Football Championship.
20. To "Mick" Wagner, Roland Hoffman's successful graduation.
21. To Jack Beamer, Alton Reeves' diamond ring.
22. To Miss Northrup, all credit for editing the "Student."
23. To Elsie Burns, John Stewart's "Life of Edgar Allen Poe."
24. To Maurice Roach, our own serious views of life.
25. To Mr. Meade, our "Lives of Successful Forgers."
26. To Mr. MacLaren, all blue-prints on the new gymnasium.
27. To Mr. Sweitzer, the prospects of a clean sweep in said gymnasium.

§ ————— S T U D E N T ————— §

28. To all those of whom no mention has been herein made, do we leave and bequeath our good will, together with permission to sell it for what it may bring, and a free ride to our funeral obsequies.

Signed with invisible ink in the Year of Our Lord, Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-Two, in the Executive Offices of Port Huron High School.

Senior Class of 1922.

WITNESSES: Mayor of Kettle Point,
Deputy Sheriff of Stag Island.

MARY McCORMICK—'22.



Prophecy

Feeling warm and tired after a long day at my desk, where I had looked over hundreds of orders, I entered the door of a Theatre whose cool, inviting interior looked so restful. Sinking down into a comfortable chair, and closing my tired eyes, I waited expectantly for the play to start, while the melody of the orchestra filled the dimly lighted room with soothing music.

Soon the performance begins and I see before me a beautiful country home surrounded by acres of lawn and woodland. Standing on the broad verandah is the host, and with him his charming wife. A second look convinces me that it is none other than George Durand, the electrical genius, and Phyllis Turnbull of High School days. The lady by his side is Margaret Wade, the elocutionist, and the fair-haired man Clare Pratt, the well known Professor of Physics at the University of Michigan. They are awaiting the arrival of an auto which is coming up the driveway. One of the occupants of the machine, a tall dignified man, is greeted as, "My dear Senator Hawley," while his companion, a modest little lady in gray, proves to be the famous short story writer, Miss D. Rigney. Kenneth Church, the Marysville architect, and Earnestine Colby, head of the History Dept. at Wellesly, are the occupants of the car.

As they enter the house I notice coming from the distant golf links two people in earnest conversation. One is the celebrated golf player, Louis Weil, and his companion, Margaret Downs, who is as ever flirting her way into the hearts of susceptible men, although in her more serious hours she devotes her time to Welfare work. Following in the distance come Gordon McIntosh, the prosperous dry goods merchant, and Florence Sperry, who manages a most attractive Tea Room. Up the driveway gallop five people on horseback. As they alight, I recognize Helen Stanzel, Gladys Rose, Joyce Myron, Kathryn Kelly, and Walter Norton, all of whom have won fame in Moving Pictures.

The scene is shifted to the interior of the house where the newcomers are standing before a painting, and I hear the hostess explain that it is the work of the celebrated artist, Paul St. Denis. The guests are enthusiastic over the house and its furnishings. They are told that the house was planned by Bernadine Robbins, a promising architect and the interior decoration was the work of Doris Maurer. Then all eyes turn to the door where a beautifully gowned woman stands, who is introduced as Mrs. Wellman Smith. She may be the wife of a Detroit banker, but she has changed very little since we knew her as Myrtle Harper. With her is Natalie Moore, who having lost her husband, is making a brave attempt at managing his law office.

Later in the day the guests have assembled on the shady lawn and are enjoying themselves talking over the old days. I catch interesting bits of news. I hear that John Cady has taken up landscape gardening; Faye McDonald has written several short poems that have been favorably received; Gavin Brown is a West Point Lieutenant; John Allen and Herbert Annas are auto dealers, agents for the Fordette; Francina Fead is a dramatic critic in New



STUDENT



York, and Emily Stewart, a missionary in China. As the wife of the American Ambassador to France, Mary McCormick has astonished diplomatic circles with her peculiar diction and original vocabulary. We learn Mary Reynolds is head of the Lakeport Kindergarten. Warden Herd is in South Africa collecting wild animals for the Zoo. Mac Sennet reports his latest discovery to be Helen Friers. Isabelle Smith, lawyeress, is trying her first case in Supreme Court. The scientist Harry Hess has demonstrated to the world his ability to turn hot air into silver dollars. The best seller at present is Rolland Hoffman's latest book—"Uselessness of Woman." A successful Life Insurance business is conducted by Lenore Deering and Phyllis Gallacher. As noted cartoonists, William Andrews and John Stewart, have won fame. The following trio, Nettie Leonhard, Josephine Beckton and Hilda Stevens, are happily married and are active members of the Parent-Teachers' Association. The great scientist, Elizabeth Thomas, finally decided the question, "Which came first—the egg or the hen?" Lizzie McManus was teaching Latin to the Italians at Rome. A great fortune has been made by Harwood Fenner, who is a model for advertising gents' furnishings. You can see his picture in any magazine or street car.

This talk fest is interrupted by the advent of the postman with his bag of letters and newspapers. Several of the letters prove to be messages of regret from those who had found it impossible to attend the house party. We read how urgent business in a lumber camp at Oregon kept Grant Moore in the West; how Neva Branagan's duties as social secretary to Gov. Eugene Wulfman's wife make it impossible for her to be present. Her problems as Mayor of Lexington require Katherine Watson's undivided attention. In far Alaska Marjorie McAllister is gathering material for a new book. Beatrice Kerr is teaching in the Summer Normal. Studying in Columbia College is the way that Mabel Mason and Helen Stuart are spending their vacation.

In the Detroit Free Press we read of the marriage of Elveretta Nestell to Mr. Rubber, the famous Gum manufacturer. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Alton Reeves. Down in one corner I read the announcement that Alberta Myers is ready to supply the public with fresh home made candy every day. In the Baseball news we notice that Franklin Mugavero's brilliant playing has placed his team at the head of the list and assured him a salary of \$50,000 for the next year. In the New York Times is a large picture of Mac Waterworth and the bridge he has just completed over the Hudson River. The miniature of Caesar's bridge, which Mac built for Miss Kress in P. H. H. S. days, no doubt influenced this later work. In the Book Notices is mentioned the new volume of Poems by Marguerite Morris. The Port Huron Times gives a list of candidates for city offices and among them are Alice Magahay and Hilda McJennet, who have become interested in politics.

After dinner the guests repair to the ballroom, where an entertainment is to be staged. The first number on the program is a piano solo by the renowned Katherine Philbrick, who can play a hymn with one hand and jazz with the other. Next, the vocalists, Mary Collins and Esther Pace are introduced and charm with their beauty and talent. Mademoiselle Cady is announced, and, as the wonderful dancer appears, it proves to be our own Eleanor. Then for the



STUDENT



closing event is given a scene from the opera, *Carmen*, by the world famous actress C. Graziadei, and her able supporters, Mary Godfrey and Harold Thornton. The beautiful costumes of the players were designed by Mary Phipps.

The gayety of this evening, however, was interrupted by the news of an accident. A collision between two aeroplanes passing over the neighborhood resulted in the disabling of both planes and the injury of the occupants. The members of the house party hurry to the scene of the calamity. Stretched on the ground in an unconscious condition is Prof. Edward Stephens, the noted inventor of electrical engines. A doctor is hastily summoned and when he arrives with his capable looking nurse, I recognize the successful surgeon, Fred Sturmer, and his nurse, Helen Branagan. The occupant of the other machine who had escaped injury is the manufacturer of aeroplane horns, Fred Baker.

Next morning, when it was discovered that the injury was of a minor nature, the drivers of the planes are brought into court and charged with violation of the traffic signals. The guests at the house party accompany the offenders to the nearby court room, as they are anxious to see the outcome. When the judge enters we recognize John Congo, as well as the able lawyer who pleads the case, who proves to be an old friend, C. L. Benedict, Jr. While they are in the city the hostess suggests that they look up some of their old friends. Grant Donaldson is visited in his hardware store. At her desk in the office at the wireless station Helen Basney is found. Marguerite Boardman and Marion Brotherton welcome us at their cozy homes, proudly display their family "jewels." We missed seeing Mabel Brothwell, as she was out gathering news for her paper. Irma Burns had an art store and May Dewhurst was head of the ready-to-wear department at the Fair. We called on Esther Duffin, but her husband, who was taking care of the children, said she was out on a lecture tour. Zelda Dunkel was also away, on her vacation, being very tired after a hard winter's work as teacher in the High School. At the hospital we found Eunice Eichhorn, where she fills the position of Matron. Erna Goschnick had a dressmaking establishment. One of the largest hotels in the city was managed by Mary Hall and Charles Conant was found at the Post Office with the title of Postmaster.

Just then someone taps me on the shoulder and says: "Performance over for this afternoon," and rising from my seat I find the theatre quite deserted. Slowly I wend my way out, still in a rather dazed condition, and when I reach the street I glance for the first time at the program in my hand and I find that I have been viewing "The Passing Show of 1935."

FRANCES HYDE.

Our Deities

Jupiter, King of Gods and Goddesses	MR. DAVIS
Juno, Queen of Gods and Goddesses	MISS NORTHRUP
Venus, Goddess of Beauty	MISS MILLER
Cupid, God of Love	MR. SOUTHERN
Apollo, God of Beauty	MR. HILZINGER
Diana, Goddess of the Chase	MISS RUSH
Minerva, Goddess of Domestic Arts	MISS ROSS
Mercury, Messenger of the Gods	MR. MEADE
Mars, God of War	MR. LAKE
Athena, Goddess of Wisdom	MRS. NAUMANN
Neptune, God of the Sea	ANY POOR FISH

Popularity

What is popularity?
 It is the goal
 Many do seek
 But very seldom find.
 Some think, some know they have it.
 But a person that is popular
 Is but a nine day's wonder, for,
 As soon as he leaves the circle,
 Another takes his place.
 Such is the rule of popularity.

What is popularity?
 It is like a sceptre
 Which seems to be something,
 But is nothing at all.
 You try to grasp it
 But all that you feel
 Signifies the nothingness
 Of what you thought was real.
 This is popularity.

Calendar

The following is an extract from the diary of Heine Mozunkle. He is addicted to sleeping sickness, which must have seized him about September 15 and disappeared on November 29. Between this date and April 6 the account is very clear and comprehensive, so we may suppose that on the latter date he again suffered a stroke.

1921—

- Nov. 29—Girls' League party—exhibition dances by "Jo" Becton and Gabel McCowan were enjoyed by—Gabel and Josephine.
- Dec. 4—Mr. Rush came to substitute for Miss Chapin, who was ill.
- Dec. 7—First Student assembly given by Girls' League. Music furnished by Katherine Philbrick and Frances Huntley.
- Dec. 8—Sophomores enjoyed (?) a talk about China. No Chop Suey.
- Dec. 9—Second assembly given by the Juniors. Music furnished by the Tingling Trio, composed of "Chick" Lennox, Hyde Parker and "Kenny" Carlisle.
- Dec. 12—Warden Herd bought a hair cut. Bill Dove bought a Ford. How Warden spends his money.
- Dec. 13—Juniors and Seniors hear lecture by student representative from Philippines. Snappy, but not so short.
- Dec. 14—Glee Club concert at First Congregational Church.
- Dec. 15—Glee Club concert at St. Clair.
Mr. Crooks, President of Alma College, gave a speech on "Growth."
Grant Donaldson present??
- Dec. 16—Junior class held a party in the Auditorium. Enjoyed by many Seniors.
- Dec. 19—Everybody and Herb Noel home from College. A regular reception after school.
- Dec. 20—A fire drill held. False alarm. Darn!
- Dec. 22—Assembly—Alumni as guests. Music by "Danny Green's" Orchestra.

1922—

- Jan. 3—Everyone returned after a splendid vacation. The library has been moved to the room at the end of the corridor on the first floor.
"Student" Staff installs waste basket in new office.
- Jan. 11—Juniors and Seniors play preliminary to "Y" game. Juniors defeat Seniors, 17-3. Another accident.
- Jan. 13—Mt. Clemens vs. Port Huron.
Junior High—Lost.
Senior High—Also lost.
Dancing followed—"Danny" Green lost—tune.
A mass meeting was held to prepare the students for the game. It evidently worked, according to the number who turned out to the game. They were not prepared however to see a game like that.
- Jan. 14—Juniors play Sophomores—Seniors play Freshmen.



S T U D E N T



- Jan. 20—Terpischorean exhibition in the Auditorium after school. Music by "Danny" Green.
- Jan. 21—P. H. H. S. vs. Detroit. "Nuff Said."
- Jan. 27—Special car to Mt. Clemens. Port Huron vs. Mt. Clemens. 18-14.
Mr. Southern plays the valiant Romeo.
- Feb. 11—Detroit Commercial High vs. P. H. H. S.
- Feb. 17—Detroit Eastern vs. P. H. H. S. 37-12 favor of Eastern. Dramatic club party from 4 to 7. Festivity overtaken by darkness.
- Feb. 18—Juniors vs. Seniors—Freshmen vs. Sophomores.
Seniors vs. Miss Northrup.
- Feb. 22—Did you notice how many people were tardy in the morning? Wonder why? Ask Eleanor Cady why all the Senior Girls were in the session so early in the afternoon.
- Feb. 23—Mr. Southern appeared with a cane. New style?—No, new shoes.
- Feb. 25—P. H. H. S. defeated Bay City Western 25-22.
- Feb. 26—Miss Northrup went to Detroit to see "Hamlet." He couldn't have been home because she returned the same day.
- Feb. 27—Jack Congo appeared in long trousers, disappeared in same.
- Feb. 27—Fire in the Baer block well attended by a delegation of students headed by Mr. Hilzinger.
Professor Davis and Principal Meade are spending the week in Chicago. Senior Class wired flowers.
- Feb. 28—School was delayed several minutes while Miss Northrup issued N. S. excuses and a short speech to those people who went to the fire.
- Mar. 3—Music Memory review in the morning. C. Graziadei sang. Mr. Meade returned from Chicago. The Senior class rings distributed. The Senior class party. Dance, eats, and movie. Music by "Danny" Green. Paul and Freddy get personal.
- Mar. 4—Lansing High vs. P. H. H. S.—20-16, favor of Lansing.
- Mar. 6—Informal reception and entertainment given for the parents.
- Mar. 10—Hillsdale vs. P. H. "Y"—"Hughie" Ross played for "Y" and "By" Philps, former P. H. H. S., star, played for Hillsdale.
Mac Watterworth voted most beautiful girl and Ruth Norton most popular fellow.
- Mar. 13—Blue Monday. Red ink, Pink slips, Black looks—Report cards.
- Mar. 16—Girls' League gives candy sale.
- Mar. 17—No school. Candy sale investigated.
- Mar. 18—Seniors vs. Sophomores, 14-13. Faculty vs. High School, 24-30.
- Mar. 20—"The "Kleptomaniac" was presented by the Dramatic Club. Miss Spaulding spoke on American Immigration.
- Mar. 23—Everybody happy. No more school for a week.
- Apr. 3—Grant Donaldson appeared with a moustache.
- Apr. 4—Oh, Grant! what did you do with it?
- Apr. 6—Senior' Play' cast went to Detroit to see "Green Stockings. Thornton, however, is undecided as to green or lavender—now!

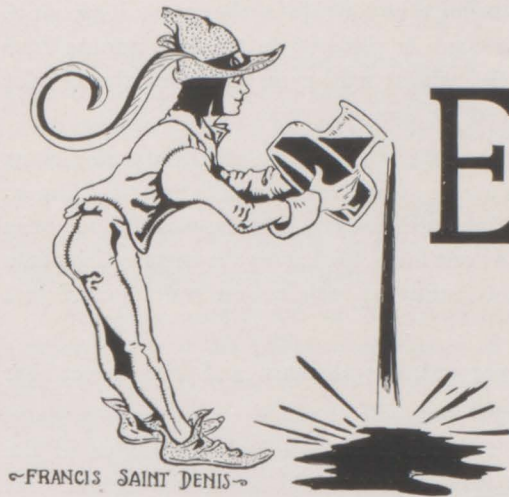


ALUMNI OF 1921

ALLEN, FRANK	MacArthur's Grocery
APPEL, FRANCIS	Oberlin
ASHLEY, MERLE	Au Gres, Mich.
BAKER, BERTRAND	U. of M.
BARTOW, OMAR	Albion
BEEDON, COLBURN	U. of M.
BERKELY, THELMA	Muellers
BLACK, EUGENE	Detroit College of Law
BLACK, HELEN	Home
BRADLEY, OLIVE	Teaching
BROWN, HELEN	Public Library
COLBILLE, WINNIFRED	Ypsilanti Normal
CORSAUT, JAY	M. A. C.
COWAN, ELIZABETH	Teaching
COWLES, FRANKLIN	Adrian
DEGRAW, KENNETH	M. A. C.
DIMICK, EUGENE	Ferris Institute
DIXON, ALBERT	M. A. C.
DUCK, LILLIAN	Home
FENNER, RUSSEL	Muellers
FIELD, DUDLEY	Home
FRINK, WAYNE	Telephone Co.
FOX, LILLIAN	Ypsilanti Normal
GREEN, DORRIS	Commissioner Green's Office
GRUEL, LOUISE	Olivet
HAYMAN, MARTHA	MacTaggarts
HOFFMAN, EDWIN	U. of M.
HOLLAND, FRANCES	W. B. A.

S T U D E N T

HOLTH, CARL	Little Bros. Foundry
JENKS, HELEN	Simmons
LEE, ROSABEL	U. of M.
LUDY, MILDRED	Home
MANUEL, GUY	Wills Lee
McGINNIS, GEORGE	Law Office of Alex Moore
McJENNETT, RITA	Home
MARSHAL, JANET	Olivet
MEISEL, ELEANOR	U. of M.
MILLER, LILA	Home
MILLER, ELDRED	Teaching
McKAY, GLADYS	Whiting Lumber Co.
MOORE, RUTH	Wheaton
NOEL, HERBERT	U. of M.
PARSONS, EDWARD	Parson's Wholesale Candy Co.
POWELL, WINNIFRED	Ypsilanti Normal
PHILPS, BYRON	Hillsdale
POWRIE, NINA	Pt. Huron Storage & Bean Co.
ROSS, DONALD	U. of M.
RYAN, JEANNE	Simmons
RYDEN, CORRINE	Whiting Lumber Co.
SCHELL, ELAINE	Home
SCHOENROCK, FLORENCE	Office of City Laundry
SCHUCK, RUTH	M. A. C.
SEAGRAVES, MARION	Chicago Normal School of Physical Education
SICKLES, ANNABELLE	W. B. A.
SIMMS, RUSSEL	U. of M.
SMITH, FRANCES	John Smith Insurance Agency
SMITH, BETHEL	Married
SMITH, MABEL	Acheson Oildag
STECHER, SAMUEL	Times Herald
STOCKS, ELDON	_____
STUART, ROY	Detroit, Mich.
TAYLOR, JACK	Hillsdale
TAYLOR, ARTHUR	Sharrard's Drug Store
THORN, GRACE	Married
SPERRY, DONALD	Spencer's Coal Office
SAWDON, HAZEL	American Bushing Co.
SCHRAMLIN, GENEVIEVE	Sperry's
VANVALKENBURG MARY	Riverside
WARD, HUGH	U. of M.



Editorial

Forever

Each year of school life admits a new class to take up the duties of Seniorhood; a class with but one thought,—that of establishing a precedent in the annals of school history, and its aim is to outdo all previous Senior classes in matters social and scholastic.

The first few weeks of school are spent in a conscious display of superiority mingled with all the joys that new-found sophistication always brings. Class officers must be elected, and good-natured meetings are called, at which meetings people who are to guide the destinies of the Senior class are chosen by a few loyal and devoted classmen whose more highly developed sense of duty has triumphed over an inane desire to join their fellow scholars (?) at the usual "after school rendezvous."

The yearly duties of the Senior Class having been discharged, the rest is left to those who have been so highly honored at the elections.

A month passes and nothing is done. Two months, three months slip by and agents of various engraving houses and manufacturing jewellers make their debut, each protesting the superiority of his wares over all the others on the market. Instances of great losses suffered through acts of kindness to High Schools are recounted, and the emotions of a highly strung Senior Committee are at once aroused. Amidst the parchment-like crackling of officious looking documents, the Editor-in-Chief and Business Manager affix their signatures to contracts which they have never read. The President of the Class, the Chairman of the Ring Committee,—each rubs his hands with the self-satisfied complacency of men of affairs.

The strain has been terrible, and all decide upon a well-earned rest. June and graduation seem a long ways away. Matters are left to take care of themselves for a time, until the strains of big business have died down and the realities of the real work in hand, loom up ahead.

STUDENT

Brains are racked in a vain attempt to corralate thoughts, long since blown to the winds. Little brother's bank is pilfered in the last minute rush to pay for Class Rings sent C. O. D., whilst wild-eyed orators clamor for contributions to a well nigh forgotten school annual.

But Spring has come; Mental insomnia is the vogue and a state of coma exists over all. June and graduation arrive; the class ring adorns every finger; the "Student" is out! How? Why? No one knows! The class of '22 has been a raging success—such as it is—and, as one looks back over the accomplishments of other classes in years gone by, that feeling of satisfaction is dampened just a little by the comparison.

And so it is that year in and year out, our dreams and our hopes are sadly mislaid in the struggle with realities.

We are proud of the Class of '22, and if we but had the advice of the Classes of years gone by to guide us, our success would have been untold. As it is we can but say to our successes, that, in order to attain success as a class remember always that though Seniors in name, we are in reality but freshmen.



Our Bow To Red and White

The dawn of our new school year ushered in, amongst the many other varied and spirited class doings, a new paper. A paper founded by a few of our most enterprising and energetic "school citizens," whose main purpose was to establish Port Huron High School in the field of journalism.

That its founders have been successful in the accomplishment of this aim is proven, not only by the paper itself, but by the enthusiastic acclaim with which each issue was greeted.

We have been fortunate in having had men big enough to undertake this project,—for it has proven itself more than just an experiment,—and it is our sincere belief that we are but reflecting the sentiment of a grateful school in wishing, long-lived success to Red and White and its promoters.

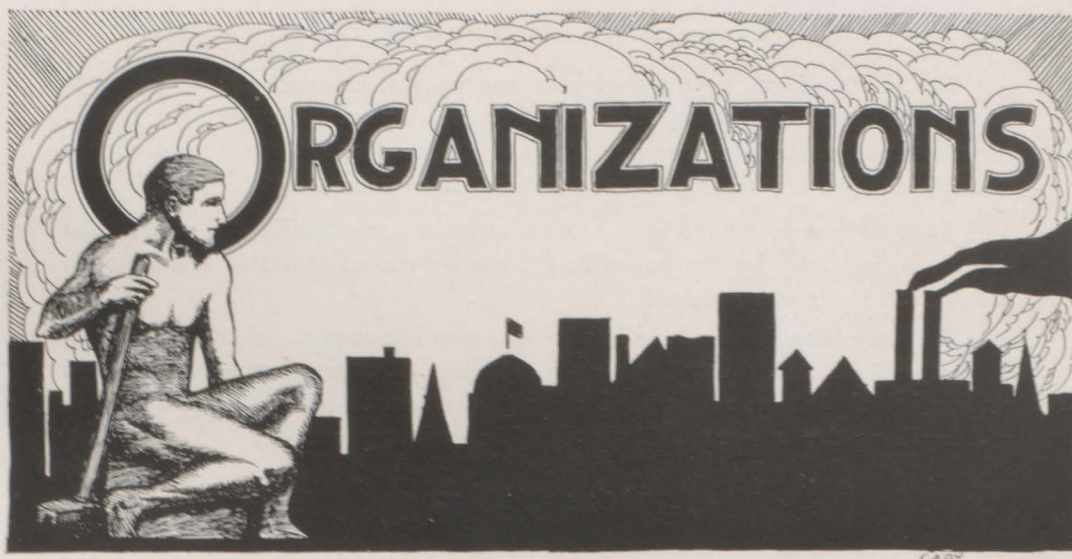
The Tobacco Evil

The fast growing menace of the tobacco habit is spreading among the Juniors and even the rest of the under classmen, whose pipes of various forms and age are mute testimony and evidence of mental as well as physical delinquency. It is very comforting to note that very few of the Seniors are seen to smoke, and the writer, who happens to be an inveterate tobacco hater, is exerting his utmost energies to prevent the spread of nicotine.

I have remarked that very few of the Seniors are seen to smoke. The reasons are many. Some are in delicate health as the result of shouldering the burdens of the whole school, and others haven't the time or the——(we won't be so cruel).

A Senior above all, learns to be conscientious, and knows that if he purchases a package of the deadly weeds he is sure to be seen. The moral effect upon his observers is in this way great, but the economic effect upon himself is even greater. He is assailed by crowds of clamoring youngsters from freshmen down to Juniors, and the only evidence left of his purchase is the tin-foil. What can be done to curb the ravages of these fiends, whose only motto is, "Smoke now or smoke hereafter?"





The Latin Club

Though this club has just been organized and is yet very new, it promises to be one of the liveliest and most wide-awake organizations of the High School.

In January a meeting was called of all Latin students interested in the formation of such a club, and by the great numbers present, it was evident that this sort of an organization had met the approval of the Latin students.

The purpose of this club is to create in the school as a whole a greater interest in Latin, and to prove that Latin is not as "Dead" a subject as some now think it to be.

Under the able direction of Miss Kellogg, the club is setting out to accomplish many things, and all are certain that in a short time it will rank as one of the best organizations of Port Huron High School.

Plans are being made for a Latin play, a banquet, and many other interesting affairs to take place before the close of this semester.

There can be found in this High School no group of students more ambitious or more enthusiastic than the group back of the Latin Club. With such a force determined to win approval success is inevitable.

OFFICERS:

President	PHYLLIS TURNBULL
Vice-President	DICK MINNIE
Secretary-Treasurer	GERARD MCKENZIE



RED AND WHITE STAFF

Standing—BERESFORD, WATERS, McELROY, MISS WOODWARD, MATHEWS, HILL,
COLLINS, BENEDICT, MISS BRUSH, ANDREWS, STEWART, ROBERTSON.

Seated—MEADE, OTTAWAY, PETERS, WATTERWORTH, WEIL, WRIGHT, MANN,
HOFFMAN, SHILAND, SOINI.

Red and White

The most notable achievement of the scholastic year 1921-22 was the establishment of a school newspaper. About the first of November a meeting of all students interested in the organization of such a journal was called. It was agreed at the meeting to at least try publishing one issue with a temporary staff. This staff was replaced by one selected by the primary voting system, in which the whole school was entitled to nominate and vote.

Throughout the year, the paper has supplied interesting and original reading matter. A comparison with other school papers as to style, printing and contents, reveals that Port Huron High is undoubtedly publishing the best paper of its kind in the State.

This contention has been upheld by the action of the Michigan State Press Association in awarding Red and White first place in this year's contest.



DRAMATIC CLUB

Top Row—DUFFIN, THOMAS, McALLISTER, BURNS, KERR, DOWNS, LEONARD, RIGNEY, TURNBULL, MOORE, HYDE, PHILBRICK, COLLINS.

Middle Row—ROBBINS, STEWART, BRANAGAN, BRANAGAN, GALLAGHER, WATSON, MacDONALD, McCORMICK, PACE, SMITH, HARBOUGH, DeGraw.

Front Row—HOWARD, BENEDICT, WEIL, FENNER, BROWN, CADY, MEADE, DONALDSON, STURMER, McINTOSH, DURAND, THORNTON.

Dramatic Club

Though a comparatively new organization in P. H. H. S., the Dramatic Club has made rapid strides in every direction. From a membership of about thirty Juniors and Seniors it has increased its roll-call to over sixty active workers in the past year. During "Better Speech Week," which was a nationwide movement, the club engaged in instilling in the students a love and respect for their mother-tongue. To conclude the activities of the week, the Dramatic Club presented a scene from "The Rivals" which served a double purpose, that of bestowing a fitting climax on "Better Speech Week," and displaying the dramatic ability of those in the play.

One need only visit a club meeting or rehearsal to see and be convinced that this is one of the liveliest and most interesting branches of school activities in the history of Port Huron High School. One must not conclude from this that the Club realizes its end—that of promoting dramatics—through mere pleasure. Work, co-operation, and cheerfulness are the keynotes of its success!

Through the efficiency of the Play Committee the following plays have been received and parts assigned:

"The Leading Lady"

"The Rivals"

"Kleptomaniacs"

"The Florists' Shop"

Work will begin immediately on the Senior play entitled "The Green Stockings." The production of the Senior play is an annual event of great interest to the people of Port Huron as well as the students. Its appearance is doubly interesting in that the play is directed by Miss Mayne, who has shown herself to be more than capable in this line of work.

The club owes its success in a large measure to its leader, Miss Mayne, and advisor, Miss Northrup, through whose untiring efforts an atmosphere of pleasure has been cast over all work done in the department.

OFFICERS

President	.	.	.	.	.	.	LOUIS WEIL
Vice-President	.	.	.	.	.	.	MILDRED SMITH
Secretary	.	.	.	.	.	.	MARJORIE McALLISTER
Treasurer	.	.	.	.	.	.	OSCAR BOND
Publicity Agent	.	.	.	.	.	.	WILLIAM ANDREWS

MARJORIE McALLISTER.



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Top Row—McMANUS, ELIOTT, CLARK, HOWARD, McINNIS, MACJENNETT, NELSON, EICHHORN, MISS FRASER, WHEELER, IMMIG, CONANT, WALKER, PIERCE, DEERING, STEVENS, ROBERTS, BROTHERWELL, MAJOR.

Third Row—EVANS, PRESSPRICH, WOODWARD, STURMER, HOWARD, MACQUEEN, REED, RIGNEY, GRAZIADEI, STEVENS, PACE, TURNBULL, SMITH, HAMEL.

Second Row—SCOTT, SMITH, FAIR, HOPPS, SCHUCK, CAREY, MARTIN, KLUMPP, WARWICK, BURNS, BROWN, COLLARD, SPERRY, NESTELL, HARPER.

First Row—HEINMILLER, SINCLAIR, PETERS, BEARD, COOPER, McDONALD, STANZEL, SPERRY, BROTHERWELL, COLLINS, AIKMAN, PETERS, DeGraw.

The Girls' Glee Club

The Girls' Glee Club reorganized last fall with a larger enrollment than ever. This flourishing organization consists of about seventy members. At the first business meeting the following officers were elected:

OFFICERS

President	DOROTHY MARTIN
Secretary & Treasurer	MARY COLLINS
Librarian	JULIA ELLIOTT
Assistant Librarian	ELIZABETH McMANUS
Pianist	ESTHER PACE

Under the able direction of Miss Fraser, the club is doing splendid work in songs arranged for four parts: First and second sopranos, and first and second altos. The girls feel great benefit is derived from the training received in chorus singing.

At the concert given last December by the Port Huron and Saint Clair High School Orchestras, the Girls' Glee Club assisted by singing several numbers. This was the club's first public appearance of the year. Sometime in June, however, it is planned to put on the chorus from the operetta "Oberon" entitled, "Who Would Sleep In Her Coral Cave?"

Much interest was shown in the Music Memory Contest which closed in March. The members assembled on Mondays and Fridays for reviews of the week's numbers, and through this contest they became more familiar with good music and the lives of great composers.

If the girls are as good singers as talkers, Port Huron High School should one day be famous as the school from which come grand opera stars.

ELIZABETH McMANUS—'22



The Hi-Y Club

The Hi-Y Club is composed of a group of High School students who are members of the "Y." This year the club totals forty, which is an increase of eight over that of last year's membership.

The purpose of this club is to bring the influence of the "Y" into closer contact with the High School students and so promote the general welfare of both.

The club meets every Wednesday noon at the Y. M. C. A. to partake of a dinner and to enjoy fellowship. A speaker, usually a local business man or minister, is secured by a program committee.

This club especially enjoyed the "Life Problem," topics upon which Dr. Bacon spoke every Monday evening of last year. A social event was the dinner on February 27, at which the Hi-Y Club entertained the Basketball team of Mansfield, Ohio, with "Pete Henry," and the High School "Y" five teams.

There are various club committee working constantly, including Moral, Membership, Church, Marks and Social. Each has a particular duty to perform. A notable accomplishment was that of the church committee in influencing every member to join some church.

The Hi-Y Club has been interested in all school activities and has never failed in any of its undertakings (thus far).

OFFICERS

President	GRANT MOORE
Vice-President	MALCOLM WRIGHT
Secretary	GERARD MCKENZIE
Treasurer	ROLAND HOFFMAN
Sergeant-at-Arms	F. MUGAVERO

H. C. THORNTON—'22





STUDENT

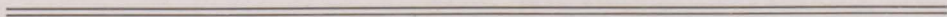


BOYS' GLEE CLUB

Standing—MOORE, GRAVLIN, ROADWAY, CUTTLE, MISS FRASER, PAGE, PATZKE,
BALLENTINE, SINCLAIR.

Second Row—BEAMER, DONALDSON, THORNTON, McINTOSH, COKEY,
WARGOWSKY, BAKER, HAZELTON.

First Row—REEVES, MEADE, BENEDICT, ATKINS, SMITH, CLEMO, SIMMS,
ZEMMER, BOUGHNER.



The Boys' Glee Club, 1921-'22

The Boys' Glee Club was reorganized soon after school started in September. With the increase in membership, it was apparent that the club would be larger and more melodious than ever. The first order of business was to elect new officers.

OFFICERS

President	FREDERICK WARGOWSKY
Vice-President	CLINTON CLEMO
Secretary and Treasurer	GORDON MCINTOSH
Sergeant-at-Arms	STEWART MOORE
Librarian	HAROLD HAZELTON

Immediately after the election of officers the club began to practice for the concerts which were to come during the winter. The first two concerts were at Port Huron and at St. Clair. Although the Boys' Glee Club did not take a major part in this the success of the concerts was due in a large measure to their efforts.

During the Music Memory Contest they were called on many times to sing at theatres, churches, and other public gatherings.

As this paper goes to press they are practicing for the annual Glee Club concert, which is to be given later in the spring.

The Glee Club is one of the most worth-while organizations in the school, as the work is both educational and entertaining.

GRANT DONALDSON—'22.

Sophomore Club

The Sophomore Club was organized towards the last of March. The following officers were elected:

President	CALVIN MATTHEWS
Vice-President	WARD ROSS
Treasurer	LAWRENCE ST. DENNIS
Secretary	GERARD MCKENZIE
Sergeant-at-Arms	ROBERT ORR

Since then the new members enrolled are, Archibald Black, Willard Blackney, Adrian Zemmer, Milton Wagner, Kenneth Gaffield, Maynard Smith, Alton Vogeli, Glenn Donaldson and Garret Hutchinson.

On May ninth the club had a very enjoyable banquet in the Algonquin Arbor. The two principal speakers were Mr. Meade and Dr. Crissman. After their speeches the orchestra of the club gave several selections, much to the grief of several other members present. The basketball pennant was then presented to the captain of the team, Ross Martin, after which the banquet dissembled to the tune of "Bow Wow Blues."



ORCHESTRA

Top Row—PATZKE, BALLENTINE, WULFMAN, WARGOWSKY, JAMES.

Bottom Row—HALLADAY, BALLENTINE, IMMIG, DR. BACON, ATCHISON,
GRAZIADEL.

"The man who has no music in his soul,
And is not moved by concord of sweet sound,
Is fit for treason stratagem and spoils."

The High School orchestra was organized in the fall of 1920, under the able leadership of Mr. Henry D. Schubert. Whence began such a chorus of grunting, scraping, and sighing, as to make the blood of the stoutest hearted virtuoso run cold. Through Mr. Schubert's skill these noises were rendered harmonious and pleasing to the ear, thereby winning for him the undying gratitude of the faculty and student body entire.

This year the services of Dr. Francis Bacon were secured as director. Dr. Bacon deserves a great deal of credit for the work he has done with the orchestra, as does also Dr. C. L. M. Harris, who succeeded him, when he left for California, shortly after the Christmas holidays. In fact, the orchestra can consider itself fortunate to have had three such capable directors.

Just a few words in regard to the work of the orchestra. It has furnished music on numerous occasions such as mass meetings, graduation exercises, and teachers' meetings. But the crowning achievement was the concert given at St. Clair and Port Huron by the combined Glee Clubs and orchestra of the two schools, assisted by their choruses. This is one of the outstanding musical events of the year undertaken by High School students.



JUNIOR CLASS CLUB

Standing—CARLISLE, WARGOWSKY, HOWARD, MISS WOODWARD, COCHRAN, SCHNACKENBERG, HILL, SIMMS, GOLDMAN, GRAYLIN.

Seated—LENNOX, JOHNSON, BRIGGS, McELROY, ROBERTSON, HUTCHINSON.

When the smoke of battle had cleared away after the Junior-Senior football game, there was revealed to the Junior team an idea of further work for their class. As "great oaks from little acorns grow," so the idea of promoting class-athletics in High School developed into a desire on the part of the boys, to form a club, which could be counted on to back the class in any activities which would further the best interest of their school. The club was organized under the name of The Junior Class Club of '23, and immediately directed its energy into the means and methods for raising money to purchase suits for their basketball team. This accomplished, they sighed for other worlds to conquer. Accordingly Andy Robertson and his brave warriors set forth on his venture to the Eskimo pie country. It proved a land, rich beyond desire.

OFFICERS

President	ROY BRIGGS
Vice-President	WALDO BAER
Business Manager	ANDREW ROBERTSON
Secretary	HYDE PARKER
Treasurer	FRED McELROY
Sergeant-at-Arms	THOMAS JOHNSON



GIRLS' LEAGUE OFFICERS

MORRIS
NORTON

BURNS
COWAN

MISS SCUPHOLM
SPERRY

The Girls' League

In spite of the many disadvantages, the Girls' League cannot be spoken of as lacking spirit, for it has accomplished a few things in the way of boosting the League. It gave three assemblies in the Senior High School Auditorium, charging ten cents admission, and on Wednesday, November twenty-third, the Junior-Senior girls of the League entertained the Sophomore girls. There was such an over supply of food that it was taken by the refreshment committee to the Cripple Camp. The League consists of, Personal Efficiency, which includes athletics of all sorts, such as track, basketball, and "gym" work; Entertainment which gives the privilege of showing the dramatic ability of our High School girls and the Social Service Department which promotes charity, hall duty in the High School and sewing for those who need the help. At Christmas the garments were made by the girls of the sewing class and sent to these needy people.

The league has put forth every effort to gain the interest of the school board and make clear the urgent need of an instructor to carry on this work.



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Top—WATTERWORTH, MEYERS, LAKE, PRINCIPAL MEADE, AVERY, ORR.

Bottom—McKENZIE, PHILBRICK, MISS MILLER, PACE, MUGAVERO.

The first meeting of the Athletic Association of Port Huron High School was held on Tuesday, October 4th, 1921. The purpose of the meeting was to elect new officers for the coming year. Under the chairmanship of last year's President, George Durand, the following officers were elected:

President	FRANKLYN MUGAVERO
Vice-President	DORIS DEGRAW
Secretary	KATHERINE PHILBRICK
Student Treasurer	GORDON MCINTOSH

Class Representatives:

Senior	ESTHER PACE
Junior	ALEX AVERY
Sophomore	GERARD MCKENZIE
Freshman	ROBERT ORR

On Thursday, October 13, 1921, the first Board of Control meeting was held. At this meeting, Mac Watterworth was appointed Business Manager and Omar Hill, Advertising Manager.

The latter part of October a membership campaign was held which netted about 450 members. This was very good evidence of the fine support given by the student body to the Association.

As a whole, the past season has been a very successful one for the Athletic Association. Much new material has been bought for all three major sports—and the season has closed with money ahead.



BOOSTER CLUB

Fourth Row—MATHEWS, DURAND, CADY, STEPHEN, BLACK, ROBERTSON,
HOWARD, NEUMAN, HILL, MOORE, WATTERWORTH, WULFMAN, ROSS,
SCHELL, SCUPHOLM, HILL, MR. MEADE.

Third Row—GAFFIELD, HOFFMAN, McELROY, BAER, COWAN, ANDREWS,
MUGAVERO, McKENZIE, BLACKNEY, DUNCAN.

Second Row—DONALDSON, BOADWAY, BRIGGS, NORTON, MOAK, BROWN, ORR,
FENNER, COCHRANE, JAMES, WRIGHT, WEIL, CASCADDEN, TYLER.

First Row—PARKER, CARLISLE, STEWART, ROSS, BRIGGS, OTTAWAY, FENNER,
BENEDICT, SCHNACKENBERG, CHURCH, CONGO, PRATT.

Among this year's many innovations the founding of the Booster Club stands out. Organized originally as a cheering squad, the club has broadened into a typical school institution. It includes all the wide-awake men in P. H. H. S., and has made itself felt along several lines. Besides attending all games and agitating the inhabitants of Tenth Street with vociferous encouragement, the club sponsored a series of interclass basketball games, won by the Sophomores, and gave a series of radio concerts. The organization may well congratulate itself upon its auspicious start, and next year should make itself felt as a school fixture.

OFFICERS

President	WILLIAM ANDREWS
Vice-President	GRANT MOORE
Secretary and Treasurer	WALDO BAER
Sergeant-at-Arms	HYDE PARKER

W. L. A.



"DANNY" GREEN'S ORCHESTRA

OTTAWAY BENEDICT MANN PHILBRICK CARLISLE

In the past, every school party has been supplied with music by an outside orchestra, usually being charged more than the school could afford. This year, however, a group of musically inclined students organized an orchestra which was competent to fill this function, for a nominal fee. Throughout the year, the orchestra has played at dances, games, etc.; and in each case has given entire satisfaction. The school is fortunate in possessing talent such as that displayed by this group, and it is to be regretted that graduation will deprive the organization of its stringed instruments.

OSCILLATING OTTAWAY

BANGING BENEDICT

MARVELLOUS MANN

PHILHARMONIC PHILBRICK

CARBODYNAMIC CARLISLE



SOCIETY



ELEONORA SAINT DENIS -25

Senior-Freshman Party

On October 26 the Seniors gave their annual party in honor of the Freshmen. The affair commenced at four and terminated at seven in order that the younger children might be home at the accustomed bedtime hour, and not miss the evening fairy story. Games were played in the Junior High Gym, including "Ring around the Rosy," "Drop the handkerchief," and "Button, Button, whose got the Overshoe?" After the games there was folk-dancing. These lovely little dances consisted of fox-trots, bunny-hugs, and camel walks; all named after animals to make it more interesting for the little children. A lunch of doughnuts and cider was served in the cafeteria. Care was exercised in the distribution of the beverage to the freshmen. After the "eats" the Senior boys recited "Two Little Pigs Went to Market," and played leap frog all the way home. Everyone told their mammas they had a nice time.

The writer, being a Senior, feels bound to compliment the Freshmen on their manners. They always said "Yes, ma'am," and "No, Sir," to the Seniors. We feel that the Freshmen are much better informed on matters pertaining to etiquette than the Juniors.

G. M.—'22

The Junior-Senior Party

One of the most important and most anticipated parties in our school calendar was the Junior-Senior party. It was held on April 21, in the Junior High Gymnasium, which was more lovely than ever this year. The "gym" represented an old English garden. A low trellis-work entwined with Spanish moss enclosed the dance floor, while a similar one enclosed the orchestra. Many floor lamps, the only means of illumination, gave the room a soft rosy glow. Punch was served throughout the evening. John Ottaway, general chairman; Rose Sperry, refreshments; Clinton Clemo, entertainment; Dorothy Martin, programs, and Frederick McElroy, decorations, were largely responsible for the evening's success. Mr. and Mrs. Meade, Miss Northrup, Miss Woodward and Miss Scupholm were the chaperons for the occasion.

PHYLLIS EICHORN.

Senior Party

Not for many years will the Seniors forget about the party that was held on March 3, 1922, in the Assembly Hall of the old P.H.H.S.

At four o'clock the strains of Danny Green's Orchestra could be heard throughout the building, and so everyone went rushing to the Auditorium, where novelty and other enticing dances were enjoyed.

A six o'clock dinner was served in the cafeteria by the refreshment committee, Natalie Moore, Chairman, Katherine Kelly and Frances Hyde. As toastmaster, Frederick Sturmer, President of the Senior Class, could not be surpassed. Other prominent people, such as Paul St. Denis, Grant Donaldson, Francina Fead, George Durand, Miss Northrup and Mr. Meade gave vent to their thoughts of our class. Mrs. Meade was the guest of honor.

Following this everyone assembled in the Auditorium, where a very interested movie, Tom Mix in "Twisted Trails" was reeled by Kenneth McManus. The songs too were furnished by the Hi-Y five.

At eight-thirty the party adjourned.

M. M.—'22

Junior Jingle

Much credit is due the faithful committeemen under the able direction of Fred McElroy, whose commendable efforts made possible the rousing success of the Junior class party which took place in the High School Auditorium from 8 until 11 o'clock, Friday evening, December 16th.

The room was modestly decorated in appropriate Christmas red and green, while the stage was banked with a background of evergreens all in readiness for Santa Claus, who arrived towards the close of the evening with a huge pack of marvellous gifts for all—whistles, guns n'everything.

Refreshments, consisting of ice cream, cake and cookies, heaps for everyone, were served at ten-thirty on the first floor.

Special thanks are extended to the Misses Akers and Philbrick for the splendid music.

The faculty guests for the occasion were Mr. and Mrs. Mead, Miss Woodward, and Miss Scupholm.

J. BEAMER—'23

A Valentine Musical Tea

The Woman's Club of Port Huron graciously extended an invitation to the Senior girls of Port Huron High to be their guests at a Musical Tea given on Tuesday, February 14th. The invitation was gratefully accepted, and the girls who attended enjoyed a delightful and appropriate entertainment.

The program was opened by Mrs. Charles Lauzon, who read an interesting paper on "St. Valentine's Day" and also gave two valentine pianologues. Three charming love-songs were given by Miss Evangeline Lehmann, and everyone enjoyed Mrs. Edmund Harrington's artistic violin selections, which



were chosen, as were Miss Lehmann's songs, in keeping with the spirit of the day. Miss Catherine Philbrick, one of our own Senior body, played two well-accepted piano solos.

The climax came when Eleanor Cady and Carmela Graziadei also of the Senior class, danced the stately minuet against an appropriate background, consisting of a mammoth heart-shaped valentine. It was an agreeable surprise to find what a charming boy Carmela made in a powdered wig, satin-knee breeches, and buckled slippers.

At the close of the program refreshments of ice cream and cake were served and a social hour was enjoyed by all present. The heart-shaped ice cream made it necessary for the girls to have two hearts for a while, and having two hands as well, each girl could have made two boys happy that day by proffering her heart and hand to each one.

The Senior girls wish to express their appreciation to the Woman's Club.

American Association of University Women Hold Reception

"Oh, I just hate school! What is the sense of all that geometry? I know I talk just as good English as any one!! And French—how can I ever hope to go to France?"

These thoughts and many more dismal ones were running through the mind of Margaret Matney on a certain gloomy afternoon in February. She had half-promised to go with some of the Senior girls to the reception which the Port Huron Branch of University Women was giving for the Seniors girls and their mothers. But what did Margaret care for advanced education when even high school seemed martyrdom to her!

About 8:30 Margaret was surprised to find herself intensely absorbed in an interesting talk given by Miss Mary Emily Ranny of M. A. C., on a course in Home Economics.

To Margaret, who hated to cook, it was a revelation to find that at M.A.C. one learns to make more than a pie. There were interesting subjects to study such as food values, home management, and interior decorating. The idea that a knowledge of this course could be applied to hospitals, day nurseries, and social settlements opened to Margaret new ideals of service.

Miss Bishop, director of Newberry Residence, thrilled Margaret with great desires when she described the wonderful college life of Ann Arbor. Miss Bishop made her realize how it would broaden her, and what an opportunity it would be for her to attend such a great university, where all great nations are represented! At once Margaret was convinced of the value of a higher education for every woman.

Margaret also enjoyed other features of the program; the charming solo sung by Miss Carmela Graziadei and accompanied by Miss Katherine Philbrick, and also the piano solo skilfully interpreted by Miss Lois Steele.

After the program the guests talked informally with Miss Bishop and Miss Ranny while refreshments were served. A bit of college color was

introduced by the singing of various college songs. Everyone was inspired by the program, and for Margaret it was the turning point of her interest. How she looked forward to college life now!

—ELEANOR CADY.

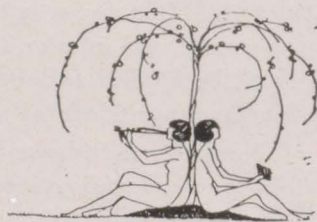
Sophomores Get Together

The last of November the Sophomores held their first "Get Together" from four to six in the High School Auditorium. In spite of the fact that it was not supposed to be a dress up party, all the girls wore new dresses and the boys, or rather young men, came out in suits which they had never sported before.

With the aid of the advisers, Mrs. Robinson and Miss Sturmer, the expectant crowd waiting at the door was formed into a double column. The orchestra struck up a tune and then followed a grand march which could have defied Sherman's march from Atlanta to the Sea.

After the march they enjoyed themselves with dancing and games so exciting that everyone had plenty of exercise.

The ice cream served as a cooling potion as well as an appetizer. Everyone had a grand time, and no other school party has ever been as enjoyable as the Sophomore "Get Together."





S T U D E N T



"Green Stockings"



Presented by

The Senior Class

1922

S T U D E N T

The Senior class this year chose as their annual play "Green Stockings," a light comedy of three acts. The plot of the play, as indicated by the name, centers around the peculiar English tradition of the wearing of a pair of green stockings by the eldest unmarried daughter of a family at the wedding of each of her younger sisters. Celia, the eldest daughter of the Faraday family, is unmarried and has worn green stockings at the weddings of two of her younger sisters. Because of this, she is regarded by all as a virtual old maid, although she is still young. She suddenly decides that as she has no suitors, the best thing for her to do is to invent one. This she does and announces that she has become engaged to a Colonel Smith, who is at war. All goes well until a real Colonel Smith arrives upon the scene, and from this point the many complicated situations which ensue prove highly entertaining to the audience.

The cast of the play is as follows:

Admiral Grice	HAROLD THORNTON
Robert Tarver	CHESTER BENEDICT
William Faraday	MAC WATTERWORTH
Colonel Smith	FRANKLYN MUGAVERO
Henry Steele	GEORGE DURANT
James Raleigh	FREDERICK STURMER
Martin	GAVIN BROWN
Celia Faraday	MARGARETTE DOWNS
Madge (Mrs. Rockingham)	NATALIE MOORE
Evelyn (Lady Trenchard)	EMILY STEWART
Phyllis	PHYLLIS TURNBULL
Mrs. Chisholm Faraday (Aunt Ida)	ELIZABETH THOMAS

The executive cast of the play is as follows:

LOUIS WEIL	Business Manager
JOHN CADY	Stage Manager
GAVIN BROWN	Property Man

The play is under the able direction of Miss Ninita Mayne, Head of Dramatic Department.



STUDENT



To honor the ten students graduating with the highest grades in their class from the Port Huron High School this June, the members of the Faculty, including Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Davis and Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Meade, entertained at a dinner at the Port Huron Business Woman's Club Tuesday evening at six o'clock. A desire to express the appreciation and the pride which the entire school feels for these students who have distinguished themselves during their high school course, was the spirit which characterized this occasion. To Miss Mary Miller, who was chairman of the arrangement committee, a great deal of credit is due.

The tables, which were arranged in U-form, were artistically decorated in lavender and yellow. Crystal vases, tied with tulle, held lavender lilacs, and crystal candlesticks contained lighted violet tapers, while attractive favors of yellow were at each place.

After the dinner there was a program of toasts and music. Miss Ruth Rush, in her inimitable, impressive style, acted as toastmistress, calling upon each speaker in such a way that her introductions were clever toasts in themselves.

Mr. Davis, responding to the first toast, "What the Honor Students Mean to the Port Huron High School," welcomed the guests in an especially inspiring and long-to-be-remembered talk.

Answering the toast, "Problems," Miss Woodward, "the sweet moderator of Room J," delighted her audience with whimsical poetry, in which she told some illuminating facts about the honor students as Juniors.

No program for Seniors would have been complete without a toast from Miss Grace Northrup, the Seniors' special friend and advisor. In telling of her "Impressions" of the honor students, Miss Northrup, besides giving intimate bits of her experience with them, paid a fine tribute of her affection and esteem.

An interesting note was added to the program by the reading of a telegram received from Miss Margaret Kress of Jackson, a former Port Huron High School teacher, and which sent congratulations and good wishes to the honor students.

One of the Senior guests, Miss Esther Pace, added to the enjoyment by her piano solo, "Ballade" by Gebhardt.

The class response was made by John Congo, who expressed the honor students' appreciation for the entertainment.

Mr. Meade, whose subject was "The National Honor Society," made a suggestion which seemed to meet with the approval of all, that the honor students become charter members of a branch of the National Honor Society of Secondary Schools, which is a society for high schools similar in purpose to the Phi Beta Kappa Society for colleges.

The honor students are: Eunice Eichhorn, Valedictorian; Phyllis Turnbull, Salutatorian; Irma Burns, Esther Pace, Esther Duffin, Elizabeth McManus, Elizabeth Thomas, John Congo, Marguerite Boardman, Natalie Moore.

The Christmas Concert

On December 17, 1921, in the Congregational Church a Christmas program was presented which afforded great pleasure to the music lovers of this city. The combined orchestras of the St. Clair and Port Huron High Schools, assisted by the Glee Clubs of both schools, put forth their best efforts in making this concert a success.

And a success it was! Each number was presented in a most pleasing and artistic manner showing the careful training and consideration of every minute detail. [And were the Christmas numbers exceptionally enjoyable at this time.]

To the untiring enthusiasm and able training of Dr. Francis Bacon, director of the orchestras, Miss Stewart, leader of the St. Clair High School Glee Club, and Miss Fraser, leader of the Port Huron High School Glee Club, the concert owes much of its success.

By this public presentation it was shown what the music departments of the high schools are able to accomplish and by the praise and plaudits of those attending the success was without question.

E. I.—'22.

PROGRAMME

1. Largo from "Xerxes" *Handel*
ORCHESTRA
2. CHRISTMAS CAROL AUDIENCE, CHORUS AND ORCHESTER
3. Kerry Dance *Molloy*
ST. CLAIR CHORUS
4. a. Songs of the Night *Stewart James*
b. Underneath the Stars *Herbert Spencer*
ORCHESTRA
5. Birthday of a King *Neidlinger*
FULL CHORUS, ORGAN AND PIANO
6. Barcarolle from "Tales of Hoffman" *Offenbach*
ORCHESTRA
7. a. Thou'rt Like a Beauteous Flower *Rubinstein*
b. Lift Thine Eyes—From "Elijah" *Handel*
PORT HURON GIRLS' GLEE CLUB
8. Offertory
9. Praise Ye the Father *Gounod*
FULL CHORUS AND ORCHESTER
10. SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT
AUDIENCE, CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA
11. The Priests March—From "Athalie" *Mendelssohn*
ORCHESTRA

Dramatic Club Party

The precedent was broken this year in the novel party given by the Dramatic Club for its members and their invited friends.

Great secrecy was observed and many mysterious meetings were held in various rooms preceding the event. Miss Mayne and Miss Northrup successfully kept the general public in darkness as to the plans of the affair as well as very capably assuming the dignity of chaperons.

The party furnished a great deal of amusement for all present. Among the novel dances were serpentine, kiss and hat dances.

A grand march from the second floor to the basement was led by our worthy President, Louis Weil, and his fair lady.

To assure you of the success of the party we need only to state that "eats" were announced at least three times before anyone heeded our calls. The aforesaid "eats" were served from a table attractively decorated with red hearts and cupids in keeping with Valentine's Day.

MARY COLLINS—'22.

The Girls' League Assembly

The Friday of the week following Thanksgiving, saw all the seats removed from the Auditorium, chairs pushed back along the walls, and everything in readiness for a festal occasion.

Shortly after school was dismissed, Danny Green's famous Orchestra from "Kansas City" began tuning up its instruments. This served as a call to the many students standing about in the halls, to come to the dance. This, the first assembly of the year, was given by the Girls' League and everyone was out.

4:00 o'clock saw the floor filled to its capacity. Then, one could find all the handsome gents and their fair ladies participating in the dainty fantasies of the dance with great fun.

Danny Green kept them all busy until 5:30, when the little party broke up, and everyone tripped home happily chanting bits of music still ringing in his ears.

M. K. M.—'22.

It was at the Junior-Senior Party. He sat beside the most charming bit of feminine daintiness imaginable. On the dimly lighted balcony, the imported moss from Rattle Run, amid the scent of rented flowers, the seemingly distant music of the orchestra below them, the Southern atmosphere all combined to weave around her an air of romance. She was positively bewitching in her lattice-worked gown with her enamel shoulders and silken ankles.

But suddenly come upon him that irresistible impulse as old as the world itself. In her society to attempt such would be impossible he, reasoned. Vainly he tried to talk it back, but to no avail. It was an hour later. The moon was going to rest or something, over White Park. Again there came to plague him that sharp desire. Conversation practically ceased, and then he knew it was hopeless.

He just had to sneeze.



Football

Basketball

Baseball

Track



Top Row—COACH SPRINGER, SCHNACKENBERG, MARTIN, HOWARD, BRINKMAN,
COACH MEYERS.

Middle Row—HUPERT, WATTERWORTH, BROWN, ROSS, NORTON, CLEMO.

Bottom Row—WRIGHT, CADY, MUGAVERO, MOORE, MARSHALL.

Football

Port Huron got away with a flying start this year as football practice was called on the first day of school. "Tubby" Meyers and "Brownie" Springer coached, so in this respect Port Huron ranked among the first in the state. "Hughie" Ross was captain, and proved himself worthy of the honor. About forty candidates were out at the first practice and many of these stuck throughout the season.

The first game was played at Port Huron on September 24, against the Sandusky School of Pharmacy. That Port Huron had a superior team is shown by the score of 80 to 0, with Port Huron on the long end. "Capt" Ross, Mugavero and Clemo starred offensively, while Brown and Schnackenberg starred defensively. As a whole the team played well.

On October 1 the Red and White Eleven met Detroit Northwestern on the local field. Owing to the superior weight of the visitors our boys were defeated by a score of 45 to 0. The Port Huron lads, however, made Detroit fight for

every inch gained. Mugavero at half for Port Huron played a great game. Mac Watterworth, Gavin Brown, and John Cady played a stellar game in the line, particularly on the defence.

On Wednesday, October 5, Port Huron journeyed to Marine City. The game was rather loosely played. Brown played a consistent game for Port Huron, while Neuman, Sickles and Schnackenberg played well. Mugavero was the outstanding star in the backfield. Final score 21 to 6 in favor of Port Huron.

Bad Axe came to Port Huron on October 8, and went away without winning or losing. The field was very muddy so the game was rather ragged. Marshall, in the backfield, deserves credit for his playing in the game. Ross was also fine on offensive work. The team showed better form in this game than at any previous time this year. Wright and Neuman at ends and Watterworth at tackle, played well defensively. Clemo should be given credit for his successful blocking and Cady and Robinson for their line playing. Score 0 to 0.

On Friday, October 11, Port Huron went to Richmond and handed them their annual beating to the tune of 14 to 0. Marshall, Mugavero and Watterworth scintillated.

The next game was played at Bay City. On intercepted pass by Bay City in the last quarter tied the score and the game concluded 7 to 7. Mugavero playing a brilliant game, made Port Huron's touchdown, while Watterworth starred in the line.

The unexpected happened on October 20, when Mount Clemens won from Port Huron on the local field. Port Huron was expected to win easily, but Mount Clemens carried off the bacon to the score of 7 to 0. Listless playing on the part of the locals cost Port Huron High School the game. Hupert, a new man, starred in the backfield for Port Huron. Grant Moore in the last half showed his old pep. This was his first appearance since his injury received on the first day of practice.

At Watkins Field on Wednesday, October 26, Port Huron High School met the Alumni in their annual contest. The Alumni won 14 to 7. It was a hard fought game, as is shown by the score. Mac Watterworth and "Dutch" Wright in the line, and Marshall and Hupert in the backfield put up a good fight for the High School, while Francis Scott shone brilliantly for the old "grads." Two of last year's seniors were seen with the Alumni, namely Carl Holth and Eugene Black. Holth made a touchdown and Black many fine tackles.

October 29, Port Huron played Saginaw Eastern at Saginaw and because of the superior weight of the Saginaw Eleven the former won 52 to 7. Port Huron outplayed the Saginaw team at the start, but lost heart when it lost the ball on its five-yard line. However, our team fought the whole game. Glen "Whitey" Provost called the signals in this game and certainly showed his worth. He made Port Huron's only touchdown by intercepting a forward pass. Watterworth and Wright also fought hard for Port Huron. The score, however, does not indicate how Port Huron played against the Saginaw team.



The Flint School for the Deaf arrived on Saturday, Nov. 5, and played against Port Huron that afternoon. It was rather a one-sided game. Port Huron scored three touchdowns in the first quarter. The reserves were then sent in for Port Huron and it was then that Flint scored their only marker. The regular team went in at the beginning of the second half and at once began to roll up points. The game ended with the score 39 to 6. Port Huron showed better team work than heretofore. The whole team starred, although Hupert was especially brilliant.

The next game was played at Detroit with the U. of D. High School. In this game Port Huron showed the spirit which they should have in all games. Only once, in the second quarter, was Port Huron in danger. In the third quarter, Wright romped over Detroit's goal line with a pass safely tucked in his arms. In the fourth period our team would have had another had it not been for the slippery field. Mugavero, Hupert and Clemo were strong on the defensive. Ross and Norton showed real stuff in the backfield. Thus Port Huron gave them their first defeat of the season, 7 to 0.

At Watkin's field Saturday, November 20, Port Huron met Arthur Hill of Saginaw in one of the best games of the year. It rained throughout the game so the players were soon "undistinguishable in the mire." Although we were outweighed "umpteens" pounds per man, we held Arthur Hill to 6 points.

Thanksgiving Day Port Huron invaded Royal Oak and fought to a scoreless tie, 0 to 0. Ross starred for Port Huron. Thus closed one of Port Huron's hardest schedules.

ROSS, CAPTAIN, QUARTER

A fast, aggressive quarterback. While Hughie's playing at times was not steady, yet his flashes of speed and brain-work make him the team's backfield (the mainstay) for next year.

WRIGHT, END

Despite the handicap of being a light-weight, "Dutch's" work on end has been especially fine, as several opposing teams will testify. As next year's captain, he ought to shine even more brightly.

CLEMO, END, HALF-BACK

This stocky but speedy little player has won favorable notice by the quality of game he plays. Into every scrimmage, and fighting every minute, Clemo has gone far and will go farther.

WATTERWORTH, TACKLE

Mac's loss, by graduation, will be keenly felt next year. Probably one of the best tackles the school has ever had, he always made himself well-known to the opposition. When Mac braced those extremely shifty knees of his, the enemy seldom passed.

SICKLES, GUARD

A "never-say-die" type of scrapper. Sickles would always be "just

STUDENT

starting" when the other twenty-one players were about ready to quit. Memorable is the day when "Gus" stood out above the line-up and almost tearfully begged Arthur Hill to "come on through here again."

BROWN, CENTER

Brown is another player who will be missed on account of graduation. Probably the best center developed here since Bonnett, "Brownie" was usually somewhere around when especially needed.

HOWARD, GUARD

Although "Johnny" has never been used for much besides plugging up weak spots in the line, he shows promise of developing into one of those guards who seem to hold up one whole side of the team.

SCHNACKENBERG, GUARD

"Hermie" is a new man to the team, but showed his ability by making a regular's berth the first of the season. Next year he ought to do even better than the record he made this year.

MUGAVERO, HALF-BACK

Another man of whom graduation will deprive the team, Frank's uncanny elusiveness has made him good for four or five yards, a long run or a hard plunge. A muddy field, encountered many times last season, considerably slows up Mugavero's work.

MOORE, FULL-BACK

Although Grant broke his shoulder in the first practice of the season and consequently was unable to play most of the fall, he speedily made himself felt when he returned. We should hear more from him later on.

MARSHALL, FULL BACK—HALF BACK

"Nig" is another of these fast, snappy backfield, end men. Nig shines at line-plunging and tackling despite his rather light weight. He has yet two more years to play and should be one of the most valuable men on the team.

MARTIN, GUARD

Martin has shown some good stuff in the past two years, and will be a mainstay as he is the type most needed for this position.

BRINKMAN, TACKLE, GUARD

"Brink" is new to the team, and has found a place through real merit. He seldom says anything, but when he sees a chance to mess up the enemy, Wow!

NORTON, END

Norton is a capable, speedy end. He graduates this year, and it will be a real job to find a man to hold down his position in the way he did.

S T U D E N T

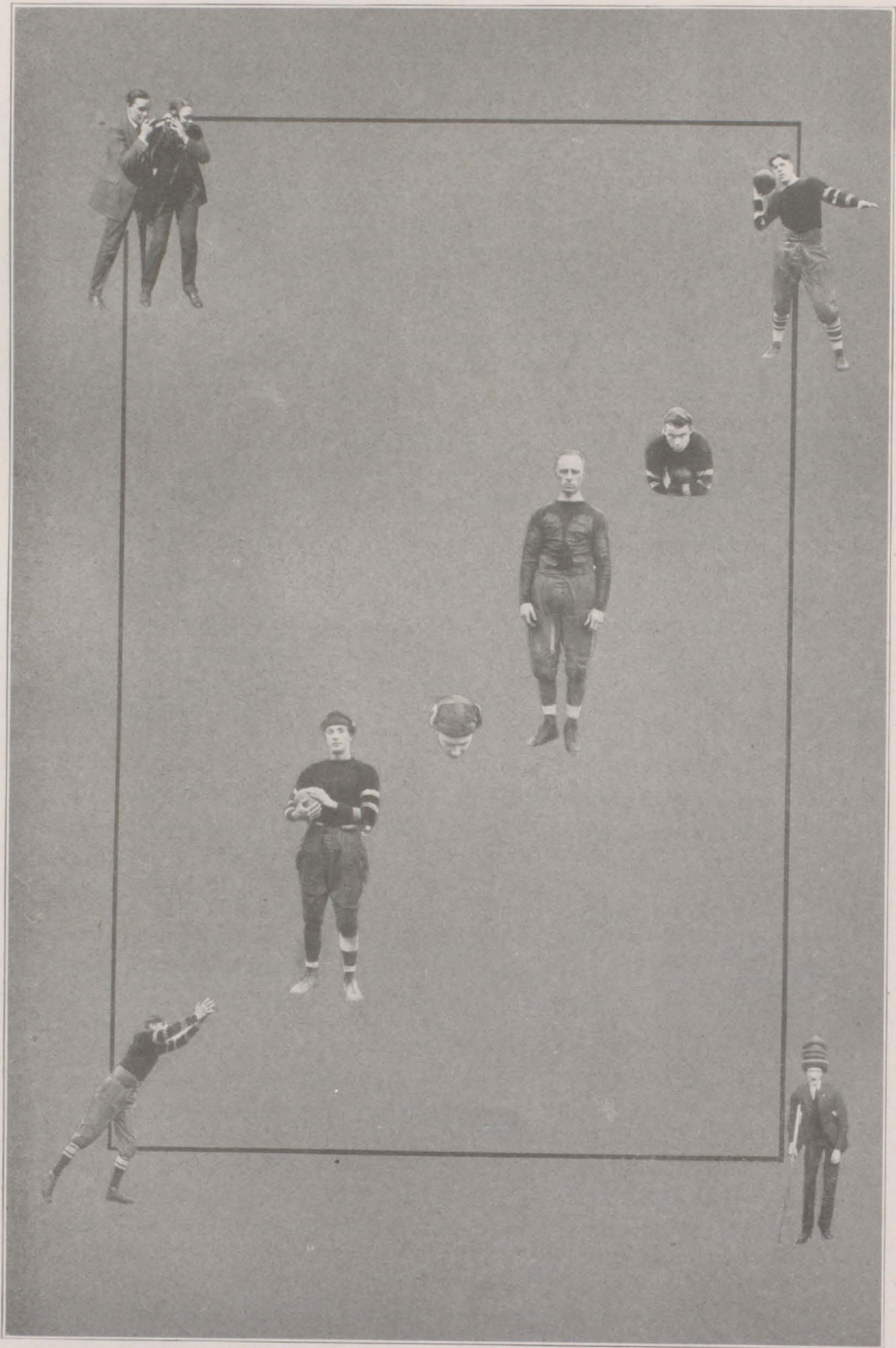
CADY, TACKLE

Cady made himself known this year by his steady, persistent, plugging game. When his side of the line weakened, John usually waded in and saved the day. He also graduates this year.

From the standpoint of games won and lost, this season could hardly be called successful. But the material in the Freshman, Junior and Sophomore classes which developed this year will form the nucleus of next year's eleven. Twelve letter men will be back in suits this fall, and great things are expected from the team of 1922. Malcolm "Dutch" Wright will lead the Red and White warriors, and under his expert leadership the team ought to win the majority of their games. The schedule for next season contains some of the best teams in the state.

FOOTBALL—1922

Sept. 23—Marine City	.	.	.	.	.	Here
Sept. 30—Richmond	.	.	.	.	.	There
Oct. 7—Bad Axe	.	.	.	.	.	There
Oct. 14—Bay City Central	.	.	.	.	.	Here
Oct. 21—Mt. Clemens	.	.	.	.	.	There
Oct. 28—Detroit Central	.	.	.	.	.	Here
Nov. 4—Hamtramck	.	.	.	.	.	Here
Nov. 11—Detroit Eastern	.	.	.	.	.	Here
Nov. 18—Monroe	.	.	.	.	.	There
Nov. 25—University of Detroit	.	.	.	.	.	There
Nov. 30—Alumni	.	.	.	.	.	Here





Basketball Personnel

Standing—COACH SPRINGER, MUGAVERO, COACH MEYERS.

Seated—ROSS, CAPTAIN MOORE, NEWMAN, LANGFORD.

Basketball

Forty candidates turned out for Basketball practice at the Junior High this year. This promised Port Huron a real Basketball team. Due to the large number of candidates the squad was cut to twelve men. Captain Grant Moore led the team and was in the midst of the fray at all times. The coaches were Davis and Springer.

The first game was played against the Alumni during the Christmas holidays. The old stars carried off the prize to the tune of 21 to 27. This does not show that Port Huron had a poor team when the Alumni lineup included stars such as "Baldy" Bonnett, regular on the West Point team; Byron Philip, regular at Hillsdale College; Harold Marlette, Wayne Frink and Finn Holth. It certainly seemed like old times to see these fellows in action.

The next game was with Croswell at the Junior High School. It was a well played game throughout. The defensive work of the Red and White team was the shining light of the game. The basket shooting of the locals could have been better as the score was closer than it otherwise would have been. Mugavero was high score winner with 5 baskets. Score 19 to 14.

Friday, the 13th, was unlucky for Port Huron. Mt. Clemens came to Port Huron to battle with the Red and White team; Mt. Clemens emerged the victors by a 19 to 8 score. Neuman, star center, was injured in the game, and out of the game for several weeks. It was a fast and furious game, although the Mt. Clemens players seemed to find the basket with too much regularity.

On Friday, the 20th of January, Port Huron journeyed to Detroit to take on Detroit's two best teams on that night and the next. Southeastern was our first opponent and though Port Huron fought hard we lost 9 to 29. Captain Moore fought so hard that he was excused. Ross was the star of the game, making Port Huron's only basket.

Saturday night the team met the Northern team and again Ross played a stellar game. Port Huron fought like some American Buddies in the Argonne, but we lost 18 to 27. After this game the Huronites decided to make a brace and win the rest of the games.

On January 28th Port Huron High School "Quint" journeyed to Mt. Clemens. They played in the best form that they have shown this season, but were unable to overcome the six man team of Mt. Clemens. Many rooters accompanied the team and all were disappointed by the brand of refereeing. Neuman was back at center and outplayed the opposing center at all times. Moore, Mugavero, Ross and Hupert and Langford played better than ever before. Score 14 to 18.

Our next game was with the fast Flint team at Flint. We lost, but to a team that has been a contender for state honors for the past three years. Mugavero made all of Port Huron's points and played a strong defensive game. Port Huron accepted the short end of a 6 to 27 score.

That the Port Huron team decided to take a brace was shown when they took the fast Detroit School of Commerce Five down the line to a tune of 25 to 23. Detroit started strong but could not keep the lead because Port Huron

STUDENT

soon tied it up. Neuman especially was efficient, coming through with a basket at just the right moment. When the game was finished the score was a tie. Then two overtime periods were necessary before Port Huron gained their point lead, thus taking the winning end of the best game of the season.

Our worst defeat of the season came on February 17 in the Junior High Gymnasium against Detroit Eastern. Port Huron started with a rush but soon lost the lead. Detroit lead at the half 20 to 9. The third quarter was disastrous for the Red and White. The locals outfought their opponents but could not loop the ball. When the final gun was fired Detroit had 37 points to our 12.

Bay City Western arrived in Port Huron to do battle against the Red and White "quint." The game was fast and furious from the start. The work of Neuman at center was sensational at times, and Mugavero and Ross played a fine game. "Hughie" was a little too fast for the other team. As Bay City had a fine team it certainly made Port Huron look good to beat them 22 to 25.

March 4th Lansing came to Port Huron with one of the fastest teams in the state. Port Huron looked like state champions in the first and last quarters, but the second and third were disastrous for the locals. Each man on the Port Huron team shone brightly in this game. "Hughie" Ross was, however, the fastest man on the floor, and it was due largely to his and Grant Moore's guarding that the opposing score was not greater. Mugavero made some fine shots from the center of the floor. Score 22 to 14.

On Saturday, March 18, the Faculty went down to their annual defeat at the hands of the High School team. However, the Faculty had a better team this year than ever before as it led in scoring the first quarter and was tied at the half. Springer and Meyers looked best for the Faculty, although the rest of the team showed fine form. Mr. Southern rushed in two minutes before the end and tried to save the game, but he was too late. Moore and Mugavero played their last game for Port Huron and the team will certainly miss them. The game ended with the score 30 to 24.

Thus ended the Basketball season of 1921-22. It was far from a successful season from the standpoint of games won and lost, but the team showed fine form against the best teams of the state. Practically all of the teams played were from schools more than twice the size of ours. The team that represented P. H. H. S. this year will be back next year with the exception of Captain Grant Moore and Franklin Mugavero. With such material remaining we hope to see next year's team win the state championship.

GRANT MOORE, GUARD CAPTAIN,

Grant is one of the best guards in the state. He was in and fighting throughout every game, having played three years. This is his last year.

FRANKLIN MUGAVERO, FORWARD

Mac, a speedy forward, was one of our brightest stars this year. He played in every game. Long shots were his specialty. This is Frank's last year and the basketball team will feel the loss.

STUDENT

HUGH ROSS, GUARD

"Hughie" was easily the fastest man that was seen on the local court this season. If pep was money "Hughie" would be a millionaire. Very few men could stop him when he got started down the floor. He has another year to play for the Red and White.

CLINTON, CLEMO, GUARD

"Clint" is a guard with the kind of fight that makes basketball players. He has another year to show the material of which he is made.

HAROLD NEUMAN, CENTER

Harold is believed by many to be the best player turned out this year. The tip-off was practically always his and he was a bulwark on the defensive. He has two more years and will probably be all state center next year.

RAYMOND HUPERT, Guard

Ray is properly called "Dynamite" as he has a lot of pep and speed which he uses on the basketball floor. Very few opposing players took the ball past him. He has two more years and great things are expected from him.

CALVIN MATHEWS, FORWARD

"Cabby" is one of the best prospects for the next two years. In the games that he played this year he showed professional ability which will make him a regular next year.

CHARLES LANGFORD, FORWARD

Here is a fellow who, though a freshman, won a place on the team over many older and perhaps more experienced players. In the next three years great things are prophesied for "Chuck."

LEONARD SIMMS, FORWARD

"Len" started late in the season but showed real ability when the opportunity arrived. Another year will probably see him a star.

NEAL MARSHALL, GUARD

"Nig" is beyond a doubt one of the best men developed in recent years. He is aggressive and has an accurate eye. As he has two years more to play for the Red and White, he will probably be an all-state man before he graduates.

Inter-class Basketball

Never in Port Huron's basketball history has any more fight and class spirit been shown than that which was expressed at the Inter-class basketball games. Overflowing with pep and class spirit, the different classes demonstrated their ability in good clean basketball and good sportsmanship.

Many hot battles were fought and many close games were decided only after a severe struggle.



SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Standing—COACH HOLTH, DURAND, BRIGGS.

Seated—STEWART, SMITH, NORTON, CAPTAIN HOFFMAN, DONALDSON.

From the side lines, cheer after cheer and yell after yell poured forth from the lungs of the different classmen, each squad of rooters yelling against the others and urging its own team to fight just a littel harder.

The season finally wound up with the ever noisy Sophs claiming the pennant and the Juniors and Seniors tieing for second place, while the game but beaten Freshies were credited for their good showing against the superior teams.

At first the Juniors headed the list by defeating the Seniors, but they lost it by suffering defeat at the hands of the Sophs., who had easily beaten the Freshmen. This gave the Sophs. first place, only to be taken again when the



JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Top Row—SIMS, ROACH, COACH FRINK, MANAGER ROBERTSON, COCHRANE, McELROY

Bottom Row—WARGOWSKY, GOLDMAN, JOHNSON.

Seniors gave them an awful trouncing which evened up the games won and lost by the three teams, thus putting all three teams back in the race for first position.

Exactly the same thing took place again in the second round. The Juniors won from the Seniors, only to be trounced by the Sophomores. After beating the Juniors, the boastful Sophs. were completely swept off their feet by the Seniors in a game which was won only after supreme efforts were made. But the Sophs. came back in the next game by swamping the Juniors, thus claiming the rightful ownership of the crown.

Much marked individual ability was shown in these games and the coaches have their eyes on a few men who, they think, will develop into star players on the regular High School team. Let us hope that the inter-class games next season will put as much pep and spirit into the students as they have successfully done this year.



SOPHOMORE BASKETBALL TEAM

Standing—Tuer, Ross, Coach Mathews, Blackney, Ramsey.

Seated—Schell, Martin, Saint Denis.

INTER-CLASS STANDINGS

	W	L	Pct.
Sophomores	6	2	.750
Seniors	4	3	.576
Juniors	4	3	.576
Freshmen	0	6	.000



BASEBALL TEAM

Standing—COACH MYERS, PROVOST, FENNER, NORTON, DONALDSON, NEUMAN, COACH SPRINGER.

Second Row—LANGFORD, MARSHALL, MUGAVERO, STEWART, FENNER.

First Row—ROSS, CLEMO, HUPERT, ZEMMER, RICHARDS.

Baseball

A baseball meeting was called on March 13th when it was at once seen that the material for this year would develop into a fast, snappy team. At the practice held the next afternoon, fifty fellows turned out to battle for positions. After a few weeks the squad was cut to twenty and at once the team began to round into shape. Under the leadership of Franklin Mugavero it showed the superior team work which has characterized the locals for the past three years. Due to this marked superiority, the P. H. H. S. baseball team was barred from competing for county championship honors.

Our first game was at Yale and the foreign atmosphere did not help the team very much. Donaldson started the game but was taken out in the fourth inning when he began to weaken. Neuman pitched the rest of the game and held the local team to a few hits. The score at the end of the ninth stood 9 to 8 in favor of Yale.

The next day, Saturday, April 29, Richmond came to Port Huron and won from the Red and White nine 10 to 6. Raymond Hupert and Stewart Fenner



STUDENT



were injured when they collided chasing a foul fly. Langford hurled the first eight innings after which Glen Provost went in to take his turn. As is usual in the first few games, the players were shifted so that the team would have the maximum efficiency.

Our next victim was Croswell, whom we swamped 19 to 8. The local team was far superior to the visitors in every department. Langford pitched the first five innings and held the visiting team to a few scattered hits. Briggs finished the game. The entire team batted well, while the fielding of Stewart was sensational.

Thursday, May 11, the nine journeyed to Sandusky and won from the up-state team by a score of 12 to 6. Provost pitched fine ball, allowing only two runs in the first eight innings. The team played together for the first time this season. Stewart and Mugavero swatted the pill, each getting three hits.

The next day Sarnia came over the river and received their annual beating. Marshall pitched for Port Huron and let Sarnia down with a few scattered hits. Score 9 to 5.

Saturday, the team went to Richmond and received revenge for the second game on the schedule. Provost pitched the whole game and allowed but six scattered hits. Stewart hit the best that the Richmond pitcher had to offer, getting two hits and a walk out of four trips to the plate.

Owing to the fact that the "Student" goes to press so early, we cannot follow the baseball team throughout the season. As you can readily see the team is now winning their games. The following teams are yet to be played: Flint, Highland Park, Royal Oak, and Bad Axe.

No doubt the team will win the majority of these games, so the baseball team is the most successful in our school this year.

Track

Owing to the early publication of this "Student," very little can be said pertaining to track.

Last season was successful, inasmuch as the track team went through the season without defeat. Among the victims were Croswell and Memphis in dual meets and other county schools in the Tashmoo meet. The Port Huron team also won the Five-mile Cross County and the Girls' Track Championship.

This season's prospects are not so rosy as there are but three veterans in school. However, Coach Lake and Captain McIntosh feel confident that we will win the meets in which we participate.

We were dropped from the Saint Clair County Athletic Association, much to our sorrow, in order to give the smaller schools a chance to shine. Our only regret is that this source of supply of cups and banners with which to decorate our Auditorium has been cut off. However, there are some meets with the schools, worthy of competition, so perhaps the loss will not be felt to any marked degree.

There is a possibility that an Inter-class meet will be held, and this will no doubt bring out many new stars for future teams.

EXCHANGE

This year the "Student" officiated as referee at a very interesting basketball game which decided the National Journalistic Championship. The game was a lively one from start to finish, and furnished interesting competition. The Northern League was represented by the following members:

Forward HEMATITE from Ironwood, Mich., this member showing splendid form in most of his work, especially photos and illustrations. He was, however, rather weak on jokes and exchange, which would have enlivened his playing exceedingly.

Forward SAID and DONE, Muskegon, Michigan, was very fast, and his passes in jokes and Special Column were excellent.

Center, STUDENT LANTERN, Saginaw, Michigan, had his signals or departments arranged very cleverly, but held back on additional photos and snaps.

Guard, L. C. I. REVIEW, London, Ontario, made a splendid running guard. He was as near perfection as a player of his size could be. He was rather light on jokes and news which could have taken the place of some of his Athletics.

Guard, PIONEER, Grand Rapids, Michigan, played a good all-around game. His style was appreciated by his spectators.

The defeated Southern team lined up as follows:

Forward, ZODIAC, Lansing, Michigan, was a firm athlete. He was probably one of the best on the team. He was especially strong in Literary department and Jokes.

Forward, DREADNOUGHT, Watonga, Oklahoma, showed up splendid in all departments. His playing on jokes and his special "Silent 3" was noteworthy.

Center, RUTHERFORDIAN, Rutherford, New Jersey, was in a class by himself, put there by his literary special department.

Guard, LAKE BREEZE, Sheboygan, Wisconsin, kept everyone interested throughout the game, his best works centered on humor and athletics.

Guard, ORANGE and BLACK, Elgin, Illinois, scored the lowest points on the Southern League. His efforts were admirable, however.

Among the available substitutes for both teams were:

"The Tatler," Marquette, Michigan.

"The S. O. S.," Wyandotte, Michigan.

"The Detroit Eastern Student," Detroit, Michigan.

"The Carteret," Orange, New Jersey.

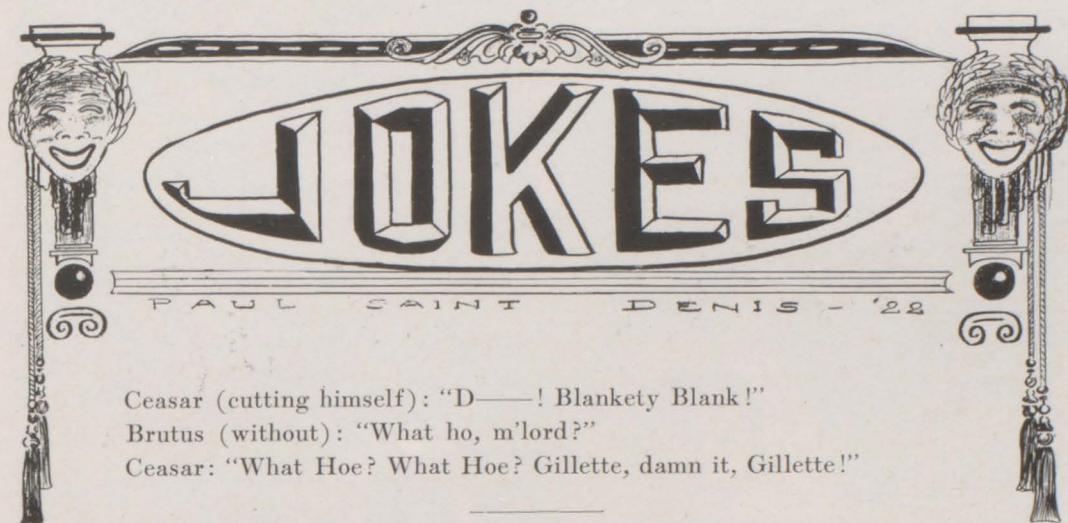
"The Beacon," Detroit, Michigan.

"The Breeze," Albion, Michigan.

"Tomahawk," Pontiac, Michigan.

"The Whisp," Wellington, Delaware.

"The Eastern," Detroit, Michigan.



Cesar (cutting himself): "D——! Blankety Blank!"

Brutus (without): "What ho, m'lord?"

Cesar: "What Hoe? What Hoe? Gillette, damn it, Gillette!"

Miss McCollum: "Can you add five cows and six boys?"

Neuman: "Yeh, 'leven Cowboys."

"That son of yours is kind of a bookworm, isn't he?"

Mr. Howard: "You'd think he was a bedbug if you stayed around here much in the morning."

N. Boughner: "A burglar visited us last night. You should have seen me going downstairs three steps at a time."

E. Pace: "Oh, was he on the roof?"

Brown: "Cady says that when he was a boy on the farm they had a mule that was just like one of the family."

Benedict: "Yes, and I know which one."

M. Bowers: "I like a man of few words and many actions."

I. Ballentine: "You'll like my brother, he has St. Vitus' dance."

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said
As he stubbed his toe against the bed,

xxxx?*****?xxxx****.

AT THE JUNIOR-SENIOR PARTY

She: "Oh, dear, I simply can't adjust my curriculum."

Waldo: "It doesn't show any."

Followed a rapid discussion of the music.



Notice

In order to banish any doubts that may exist in your minds as to the identity of the personages (in ovals) on the opposite page, the following pedigrees have been compiled. We hope that they are clear.

ALTOONIA CLARENCE ALOYSIUS REEVES

Prize specimen from Fillmore School, '19. Class cartoonist and cartoon, '19. Centerpiece, varsity checker team, '21, '22. Bouncer, Lakeside dancing pavilion, '21, '22. Now Mr. Anna T. Razzbery, husband of Mrs. Anna T. Razzbery, Suffragist.

Be it ever so humble,
There's no face like your own.

FREDERIC AUGUSTUS PHILANDER BAKER

Released from Amadore H. S., '21. Usher, American Theatre, '22. Ballyhoo, Girls' League Carnival, '21. Anchor man, Varsity debate, '21. Bid to Senior Coffee, '22. Loud Pedal, Boys' Glee Club, '20, '21, '22. Hockey team, '20, '21, '22; captain and coach, '22. Now chief of staff at Avenue Shoe Shining Parlors.

"When he's gone out into the world,
Salt tears won't fill our eyes."

ERIC EUGENE VON STROHEIM WULFMAN

Entered from Tyler School, '19. Early military training P. H. H. S. Cadel Corps, End Man, '19, '20, '21, '22. Now Corporal of the Imperial Guard, in the service of His Santanic Majesty, Wilhelm II. Member Boy Scouts of America, one week. Contributed twenty-five cents to the Armenian Relief Fund, '20.

"She starts—she moves—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel."

KENNETH ERASMUS MALACHI CHURCH, D. D. (DARN DUMB)

Valedictorian, Happy Thought Bible Class, Shiloh Baptist Church, '19. Mascot, Varsity Billiards, '22. First Helper, Hiby's banana stand, '21. Class baritone '20. Interclass pinocle, '22. At present infesting Sing Sing prison.

"We've given others undue blame
But he gets the barbed wire suspenders."

Eugene Wulfman—"Did you see Esther Pace at the races?"

Louis Weil—"No, I thought they were only for horses."

We wish to announce to our beloved subscribers and dear readers, that this page was to have been filled with the very latest jokes, but on the night of October 29th, the Student Executive offices were entered and quantities of valuable material taken. No clues have been found as to the perpetrators of this dastardly deed, but anyone desiring to see these same jokes may do so by consulting the November issue of Red and White.

STUDENT

John Allen—"Say, Andy, watch my Ford for a minute, will you?"

A. Robertson—"Sir! I'm a Junior!"

John—"That's all right. I'll take a chance."

Little marks in Latin
Little marks in French
Make the baseball players
Sit upon the bench.

TEACHERS, TAKE NOTICE

Teacher—"Will the prettiest girl in this room please stop talking?"

Result—A pin could be heard striking the floor.

AND SHE BELIEVED HIM

Mary—"Emily said that you kissed her the other night."

Hughie—"But did she tell you what I said?"

Mary—"No."

Hughie—"I said, 'give this to Mary the next time you see her'."

AT SENIOR CLASS MEETING

W. Andrews (Sergeant-at-Arms)—"Halt, who goes there?"

F. Sturmer (President) (Indignantly)—"Dumbell!!"

Andrews—"Advance, dumbull, and be recognized."

Mr. Southern—"Grant, what is the second law?"

Geo. Durand—"For small amplitudes—."

Mr. Southern—"I said Grant!"

George—"That's my middle name."

H. Hess—"I wonder where I could get a good chicken dinner for fifteen cents?"

G. Havens—"Tightwad! Try a feed store."

TADPOLE OR POLECAT?

"I believe we've run over a squirrel," said Jack Holmes, as his car stopped abruptly. Lifting the hood he suddenly backed away with bulging eyes and hand on nose. "Good Lord, Johnnie, the engine's dead."

Harold Dains—"I sent you a list of suggestions for running the 'Student.' Were they carried out?"

Paul—"Yes, there goes the janitor with them now."

STUDENT

Soph.—“I want the life of Julius Ceasar.”

Miss Barrett—“Sorry, but Brutus was ahead of you.”

J. Fenner—“Give me a cent's worth of mixed candies.”

Clerk (handing him two pieces)—“Here you are, mix them yourself.”

“Budd” Hill—“Bet I can make a worse face than you can.”

Milton Tuer—“Well, look what you've got to start with.”

Maurice Roach—“What would you do if you were in my shoes?”

Jack Cuttle—“Get 'em shined.”

ON THE LAKE

W. R. M. Duff (paddling)—“Don't you think we had better hug the shore?”

Mary Godfrey—“Why the shore?”

Hilton Moran—“But, my dear, you know the old proverb, ‘love is blind.’”

Velma Kling—“Yes, but the neighbors aren't, so pull down the shades.”

There was a new addition to the class, and the new pupil was somewhat ragged. “Now,” began the teacher, “let us see what you know. Tell me, why did Hannibal cross the Alps?”

The new boy winked at his neighbor. “For the same reason the hen crossed the road. You don't catch me with that old stuff.”

John Stewart: “How old is this lamp, Mr. Southern?”

Mr. Southern: “About three years.”

Stew: “Better turn it down, it's too young to smoke.”

Mr. Davis: “If the gentleman in the back row will kindly remove his hat, I will continue and point out a concrete example.”

HEARD IN THE SESSION ROOM

F. McElroy—“Are you going to ‘Tickle me?’”

Dona MacQueen—“Don't get fresh!”

ANOTHER BILLBOARD

Prominent Citizen—“I cannot bear to see this block of Baer's now so bare.”

❧ ════════════ S T U D E N T ════════════ ❧

J. Allen—"What are the silent watches of the night?"
F. Baker—"The ones you forget to wind."

Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard,
To get her a bottle of hair oil;
But when she got there, the cupboard was bare,
And her old man was sleeping under the sink.

Captain—"Ahoy there, let go the anchor."
Sailor (near the anchor)—"I ain't touched it yet."

"Chet" Parsons—"Ray Hupert ate something that poisoned him."
"Hawkshaw" Dains—"Croquette?"
"Chet"—"Not yet, but he's very ill."

Hilzinger (In his new Ford)—"Hey, you oughta look out!"
Victim—"Wassa matter, you gonna back up?"

Mr. Hilsinger: "If you lay a sharp razor away and don't touch it for
two weeks, when you get it you will find it is dull."
Paul St. D.: "It will be if you have a young brother coming up."

Alton Gokey—"What did you do last night?"
F. Baker—"Nothing."
A. G.—"How did you know when to quit?"

Reginald Atkins—"More throat trouble in the South."
Ward Ross—"How's that?"
R. A.—"They just hung another coon."

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where,
Until the man on whom it fell,
Came round and gave me—the information.

FOR SALE

A Ford coupe. Four seated. Beautifully finished—(almost entirely).
Detachable rims—(three are already detached). Splendid shock absorbers—
(has absorbed any amount). Small steering-wheel—(manageable with one
hand). Dim focusing light—(causes no embarrassing exposures to
occupants). For further details enquire of Franklyn Mugavero, the owner.



GRADUATES

*Like ships upon a foam-flecked sea they pass
—silently, steadily on, each on its own course, to
the far horizon. Soon but their topsails show as
faint wisps of cloud as they drop below the
watery rim. We Look again! Even these are
gone! They have passed beyond our vision on
their way to ports unknown.*

*Whence come they? Whither do they go?
What cargoes do they bear?*

You Have Read Me



*Now Consider Those Who
Have Made Me
Possible*

S T U D E N T

“Do A Good Turn Daily”

Port Huron Council Boy Scouts of America

Miss Northup: “I went to see “The Bat” last night.

F. Sturmer: “Could you see good from the gallery?”

M. Rawlings: “Where did you become such an expert swimmer?”

M. Benedict: “I was a traffic cop in Venice.”

Mr. McLaren: “What is AB plus CD?”

Calvin Brown: “I dunno.”

Mr. Mac: “Well, what is 2 and 1?”

Benedict: “Shoe polish.”

“Why is Fred in disgrace with Margaret, Alice?”

“He rose hastily when her mother entered.”

“Well, a gentleman should rise——.”

“And dropped Margaret on the floor.”

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ACHIEVEMENT

The goal of every ambitious man and firm is typified in the rapid growth of the *Jahn & Ollier Engraving Company*—the universal esteem in which their art and plates are held by the large national advertisers—and the enviable reputation for prompt deliveries which they enjoy.

Delivering this same high quality and careful personal supervision to schools has built up for us the largest college and high school annual engraving business in America—400 books yearly.

Thirty thousand square feet of floor space (4 floors) and over two hundred and fifty skilled employees are required to meet the constant demand for "J&O" commercial photographs, art, color process plates and photo engraving (one complete floor is devoted to color process work).

Intelligent supervision of all work by many skillful office service men eliminates your troubles. Sales service men sent everywhere.

JAHN and OLLIER ENGRAVING CO
 352 West Adams Street
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S T U D E N T

SMITH BROS.

7 Pure Food Stores

Port Huron's Liveliest Food Merchants

We make that

Famous Butter Cup Bread

And sell it

For - - - 8c

"It's the little things that tell," said the young lady as she pulled her younger brother from beneath the sofa.

Doctor: "This operation will cost you \$500."

Freddy McElroy: "Can't you make it a little lower, Doc? I've got a bid of \$450 from the undertaker."

The fraction leaned over and touched the whole number on its digit. "Say," she said, "is my numerator on straight?"

Compliments of

MITCHELL

The Tailor

927 Military Street.

For the Best

Send it to

O. G. Pringle

Cleaning and Pressing

Phone 138

S T U D E N T

Fishing Tackle

Base Ball

Everything for the
Sportsman, Athelete

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Men's and Boy's Suits with 2 pair pants

JACOBI-BOWEN CO.

Men's Furnisnings - Agents for Kuppenheimer Clothes

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Cleaning, Pressing and Altering

Prompt Service

We Call and Deliver

STUDENT

Durand & Herd
ELECTRICAL EXPERIMENTERS

—
“We Put the Electric Clocks
In Port Huron High”
—

—
“Please Pay Your Bills”
We Need the Money

When in need of
RELIABLE FOOTWEAR

*Take a Look at the
Showing of*
The Foster Shoe Co.

—
919 MILITARY

PHONE 345

G. Donaldson—“Will you come to the theatre with me this evening?”

P. Turnbull—“Have you secured the seats?”

G. Donaldson—“Oh, come now, you’re not as heavy as all that.”

—
J. Congo—Presence of mind is a mighty good thing in case of accident isn’t it?

G. McIntosh—Oh, yes, but absence of body is a lot better.

BALLENTINE DRUG STORE

PRESCRIPTIONS

Our Specialty

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DEVELOPING and PRINTING
—

—
ICE CREAM

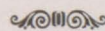
Phone 207

1519 Military

C. O. FARMER

W. A. CONSELYEA

*All Leather Shoes
for Men and Boys*



617 WATER STREET

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THEO. ANDERSON & CO.

PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS

We install systems.
Audit for any purpose.
Adjust and change.

We also give weekly service in bookkeeping and stenography
for small offices. Give us a call.

Offices at 942 Military Street

Office Phone 69

Residence Phone 1436-W

John Ottaway: "I'm going to see that show if it breaks me. They have a company of one hundred and fifty people."

V. Reid: "What's that got to do with it?"

Johnny: "Nothing, except that they only carry one trunk."

Calvin Mathews: "Just at that moment my uncle received a bullet that cut off both his arms and legs and threw him into the sea. Fortunately, he knew how to swim."

(Never mind the wagon, officer, he'll walk).

WHITMORE & COOK ENG. CO.

631 Water Street

We will handle a complete line of School Books in September

Compliments of

Ernie Smith

Metropole

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*“Buy a Ford
and spend
the difference”*

Albert B. Parfet Co.

The
Snover Electric
Company



*Electrical
Contractors*

*Electrical
Supplies*

*Radio
Supplies*



326-328 Quay Street
Phone 1251

S T U D E N T

It made its way
by
The way its made



WILSON'S ICE CREAM

SNO-BALL That delicious chocolate coated
Ice Cream

Bunte's, Lowney's, Schrafft's,
and Johnston's Chocolates

Boxes and Bulk

Dom Graziadei
918 Military St.

Featuring Skibo Shirts (white)
with the new semi soft collar
attached. Its a high class shirt
made by Earl & Wilson and
exclusive at this shop. The
price is \$3.50

WAGENSEIL'S

S T U D E N T



The first Radio-Electric Phonograph

as perfected by

THE VIOLINOLA CO. OF MICHIGAN

*These instruments can be demonstrated in
your own home at no expense to you.*

Simple to operate.

Remarkable for its clarity of tone.

*Radio concerts every night from seven to ten
at the Violinola Shoppe, Majestic Theatre
Building*

HOW MANY MORE?

G. Moore—"Broke the crystal on my watch last night."

L. Weil—"Where were you?"

G. Moore—"Over to Margaret's house."

L. Weil—"Thought so."

G. Moore—"Why?"

L. Weil—"Broke mine the night before."

Answer in Com. Geog.—The principal uses for rice are for food and weddings.

Make Comparisons

And be convinced that you get more for your money

At the

NOEL FURNITURE CO.

THE STORE OF

High Quality and Low Prices



Cutler
Desks

"They Express Success"

A Roll Top Desk You'd Like to Own

You know how a man feels when he has made a good sale—goes and buys himself a necktie or a new suit or something.

When success begins to come to his whole business, he wants to express his success in his office. Right away he wants a successful-looking desk!

That's what Cutler Desks are made for—to give every best feature a desk can give and to express the success of your business. Ask to see Cutler Desks.

We Are Agents for the
L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter

WE REPAIR ALL MAKES OF MACHINES

MacTaggart-Hoffman Co.
EVERYTHING FOR THE OFFICE

GRINNELL BROS. PIANOS



*The Sweetest Tone
In the World*



"Factory To You Price"

*"Arch Preserver Shoes
Keep Good Feet Well"*



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**Massachusetts Mutual Life
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Has a Policy to meet your present needs
and adjustable to future conditions

For demonstration,
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THE R. S. CAMPBELL AGENCY
Phone 106 22 White Block

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Fountain and Luncheon Service

Such as we offer is not easily found

HOME MADE PASTRY, HOME COOKING
EXPERT SODA AND SUNDAE DISPENSING

And now our new and delightful Mezzanine Tea
Room--This is bringing Fifth Avenue
to Port Huron

SYLVESTER'S DEPT. DRUG STORE

203 HURON AVENUE

PORT HURON

H. Ross—"Your lips remind me of an old coat."

M. Collins—"How come?"

H. Ross—"They should be pressed."—XYZ.

There was a young woman named Florence,
Who for kissing proffered great abhorrence.
But when she'd been kissed
And found what she's missed,
She cried till the tears came in torrents.

Mr. Winkleman—"How shall we advertise these?"

P. St. Denis—"Evening dresses, half off."

MRS. JESSIE H. MARTIN BEAUTY SHOPPE

*Shampooing
Hair Bobbing*

*Marcel Waving
Manicuring*

*Facial Massage
Clay Packs*

SCALP AND SKIN DISEASES SUCCESSFULLY TREATED

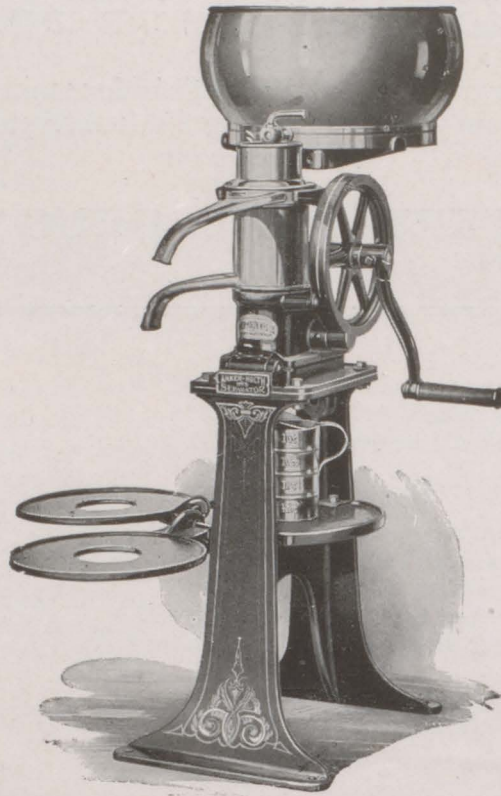
Specializing in Hair Dyeing and Tinting and Chiropody

*Experienced Operators in All Branches
of Beauty Culture*

36 WHITE BLOCK

PHONE 448-W

S T U D E N T



The Anker-Holth Mfg. Co.

Port Huron, Michigan

STUDENT

Melville A. Kendrick, D.D.S.

Orthodontist

Port Huron, Mich.

For Prescriptions and Everything in
PURE DRUGS

go to

BERT MILLS, Pharmacist

Telephone 456

809 Seventh St., Port Huron, Mich.

The notice of Mr. Southern's religious services, which was placed on the chemistry board, seems to have had some effect on him. At least that's why we think he has those periods of silent prayer after the noise and tumult of the classes have quieted.

McIntosh: "Don't yell 'hey' at me, I'm no horse."

Church: "That's right, your ears are a little long."

George Durand doesn't refer to the "cat's ankles" any more. His latest is "that's the oil." More refined, don't you think?

Chalmers Fine Performance Proves Its Higher Value

In performance, the New Series Chalmers Six is simply wonderful.

That is made perfectly plain in the reports coming in every day, from owners and from dealers all over the country.

We knew that Chalmers engineers—working on the basic six-cylinder soundness which the Chalmers has always embodied—had made the six mean more than ever before.

Now we are receiving from many points enthusiastic confirmation of all we felt had been achieved by a solid year's refinement.

"On high gear I have climbed hills where I have always had to shift with other cars I've driven," says one man.

Another writes, "I couldn't help but notice the extreme quietness of the motor, timing gears,

valves and differential"—thus putting his finger right on real evidence of fine construction.

"To pull down to two miles an hour in high, and then pick up to 30 miles an hour within a city block, without bucking or spitting—that's what I call flexibility," says a third.

"One of the most satisfactory tests is the way she will lug up a hill at eight miles an hour on high," another says. "No matter how hard I make it pull, the motor will not overheat."

Size and beauty, equipment and finish, are always indications of value. It is conservative to say that the Chalmers Six leaves nothing to be wished for in those features.

But the way a car performs tells how it is engineered and how it is built.

On that—which is the final proof of value—the warmth of the letters we are receiving is conclusive.

All Models Equipped with Disc Steel Wheels and Cord Tires

BERT B. HYDE

S T U D E N T



No matter what you
choose here, you
may be sure

—it will be smart
—it will be becoming
—it will be in good
taste

The Rosenthal-Winkelman Co.

"Save the Surface and You Save All"

See our complete line of Rouge and Barn Paint in all our vast variety of shades
—Put up in boxes and cans

FINN AND HADDIE

Cosmeticians

ULLENBRUCH
THE FLORIST

"Flowers for the Hop"

CORSAGES CUT FLOWERS ARM BOUQUETS

"The pretty ones come from Ullenbruch."

1029 MILITARY

S T U D E N T

Telephone 1421

Res. Phone 1158-R

H. H. RAWLINGS

Real Estate Agency

Fire, Life, Accident, Casualty Insurance
Real Estate Investments

703 Huron Ave.

PORT HURON, MICH

HOOZ HOO?

"I thank you for the flowers," she said;
And then she smiled and blushed and dropped her head.
I'm sorry for the words I spoke last night—
Your sending flowers proved that you were right.
Forgive me?"
He forgave.
And as they walked and talked beneath the bowers
He wondered hooineell had sent those flowers.

DRUGS

SODAS

For a real malted milk or a fresh fruit sundae

Go to

GODLEY & SEDWICK

"Student Headquarters"

BOXED CANDIES

SOFT DRINKS

S T U D E N T

If you like
Good Bread
get a
GIBSON LOAF

Majestic
and
Family Theatres

Port Huron's
Greatest
Amusement
Value

W. GRIFFITH MITCHEL
Manager

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Polk.....JESSIE H. WOODWARD
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Tyler.....ANNETTE WOLFE
Jackson.....REBECCA BRADLEY
Adams.....MARY B. McCOLLOM

Fillmore-Pierce....SUSAN M. HUBBARD
Van Buren.....MATTIE McCORMICK
Lincoln.....MILLA MAY
Taylor.....BELLE C. CLARK
Madison.....JULIA E. PHILLIPS
Monroe.....ADA I. POTTER
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Sound Training for Future Citizenship

S T U D E N T

"THE RELIABLE STORE"

It's your money, Save when you spend

Please note-

Dress Goods, Gloves, Hosiery, Underwear, Corsets and Ladies and Misses Ready-to-wear line are with us in large assortment, moderate price.

THE STORE THAT SELLS WOOLTEX

We sell the new McCall pattern (It's printed)

THE BALLENTINE DRY GOODS CO.

Port Huron, Mich.

"Fitz" (about 10 P.M., and far from home): "Well, I guess I must be off.

Elizabeth: "That is what I thought when I first met you."

George Manthey, looking into booth at civics' class "Straw Election":

"Miss Carlisle, shall I go in and vote, the pencil is empty."

Gerritt (sadly): "Can't you say one good word to me?"

Margaret (sweetly): "Yes: GOODNIGHT."

AUTO ACCESSORIES

Headquarters for

Springs, Spark Plugs, Brake Lining, Lamps and
everything used for repairs

TIRE PRICES

BEARD, CAMPBELL & CO.

Hair Bobbing

Massage

BILL DOVE

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"Student Headquarters"

Quay at Huron

Two Chairs

S T U D E N T

GOOD GOODS

Always at reasonable prices and real service

at

MOSHER'S

Jeweler and Optometrist

"The store with the street clock"

GRESLEY & CO.

PLUMBING AND HEATING

Port Huron, Mich.

Phone 1245

Opposite Chamber of Commerce

1104 Military Street

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Clothes for young men and older men who would
look young

220 Huron Ave.

Phone 1700

Telephone 180

Opp. Postoffice

GODLEY TAILOR & CLEANING CO.

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DRY AND STEAM CLEANING

Pressing and Repairing for the whole family

601 Water Street

PORT HURON, MICH.

S T U D E N T

GARDNER & PRIMEAU

Avenue Barbers

Remodeled Shop and New Equipment

307 Huron Avenue

SIX CHAIRS

NOTHING TILL TOMORROW

Maggie: "The garbage man is here, sir."

Professor (from a deep thought): "My, my, tell him we don't want any today."

An Ideal Girl in Port Huron High must have: Emily Collins' hair; Phyllis Turnbull's pep; Margaret Downs' eyes; Irma Burns' brains; Alice Brotherton's dimple; Elizabeth Weil's clothes; Eleanor Cady's dancing ability.

The Ideal Boy Must Have: Mr. Meade's voice; Calvin Mathews' Wit; Mr. Southern's walk; John Doig's hair; Alton Reeves' musical ability.

Mr. Hilzinger: Mr. Cady, you are not marked upon the time taken to give a recitation, neither are you marked upon your ability to cite things not connected with the question. Sit down!—(Curtain).

Dirty work is on foot. Just the other day a conversation was overheard between John Doig and Schermerhorn, the school roughnecks, in which Schermerhorn was heard to say: "You watch Louis Weil; I got John Ottway."

R. W. Spike Furniture Co.

Furniture, Stoves, Ranges and House Furnishing Goods. Rugs a Specialty.

Curtains and Window Shades

Telephone 522

317-319 Grand River Ave.

S T U D E N T

PORT HURON PAINT CO.



Paints and Varnishes
Painter's Supplies



316 HURON AVENUE

BROPHY BROS.

Real Shoe Values



HURON AVENUE

STURMER'S

On Military at Water



Headquarters For
BICYCLES
BASE BALL GOODS
ROLLER SKATES
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Come in and look over my
Toy Department

Chas. A. Sturmer

HARDWARE AND TOYS

Compliments of

Haynes Lumber Co. Inc.

The Pioneer Yard of Eastern Michigan

Telephone 164

Yard 713 River Street

S T U D E N T



DO YOU want more sales and greater profits? Then take advantage of the selling power we can put into your advertising literature.

Whether your requirements are great or small, we are interested in rendering service that will insure real selling value in the completed job.

Riverside Printing Company

Printers and Office Outfitters
Phone 262

That well known slogan "See Holmes for homes," is especially applicable to "Friend Jack," whose motto seems to be, "See Holmes to be seen home."

Stew. Fenner—"Don't you love this dance?"

K. Philbrick—"Wait'll we start home."

One of the teachers, noticing one of the Juniors idle, said: "John, the devil always finds something for idle hands to do, come here and let me give you some work."

Great Lakes Foundry Co.

PORT HURON, MICH.

STUDENT

GRAY & SON
SHOES



The Season's *Best* In
FOOTWEAR



518 WATER STREET

Fred G. Rauser

JOB PRINTING

101 HURON AVENUE

Telephone 249-W

PORT HURON, MICHIGAN

ESTABLISHED 1873

TROY LAUNDRY

Filtered Soft Water

FAMILY SERVICE SPECIALISTS

Try Our Curtains

PINE STREET

PHONE SIX

Victrolas *and*
Victor Records

*Everybody wants Victor Records
—come in and hear the New
Dance Numbers*

OPEN EVENINGS

MILLER DRUG STORE
927 MILITARY STREET

“The Dirty Spoon”
CAFETERIA



*Try Our Bottled Cow's Milk
—Milk-fed Students receive
Best Grades*

STRAWS FREE

HIGH SCHOOL BASEMENT

S T U D E N T

SODAS

CANDIES

SUNDAES

“See You Next Trip”

--“Al”

302 Huron

White & Nelson

Phone 2411

N. Moore—“My but that is a swell suit. You’re a credit to your tailor.”

F. Sturmer—“Wrong. Now that I’ve got my suit I’m a debit to my tailor.”

Pres., Hi-Y Club at a Banquet—Gentlemen, before I introduce the next speaker, there will be a short recess, giving you all a chance to go out and stretch your legs.

Guest—Who is the next speaker?

G. Moore—Before telling you who he is, I would rather wait until you come back.

B. Robbins—“I think there is something dovelike about you.”

B. Hill—“Not really.”

B. Robbins—“Sure—Your pigeon toed.”

Y. M. C. A.

A High-Class Low-Price Club
For Men and Boys

JOIN ANY TIME

937 Sixth Street

Phone 1547

S T U D E N T

S. H. & N. G. MOORE

Hard and Soft Coal

312 Court Street

Telephone 479

BOYCE HARDWARE COMPANY

Headquarters for

Housekeepers Supplies, Building Hardware, Paints,
Oils, Roofing, Etc.

923 Military St.

Phones 84--1984

MEN'S WEAR

When you start to pack that vacation trunk you'll find that you need a few ties, some replacement in athletic underwear, more socks, whatever you may lack. Remember that we're last-minute specialists on all men's wear, you are always sure of the latest styles.

WOLFSTYN'S

317 Huron Ave.

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Compliments of
**Moak Machine and
Tool Co.**

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401-404 MEISEL BUILDING
PHONE 520

P O R T H U R O N , M I C H .

D. T. PARSONS
WHOLESALE *and* MANUFACTURING
CONFECTIONER

1106 Military Street

Port Huron

C. Mathews—The fellow knocked me down, took my purse, my new watch and all the radium I had in the world.

D. Wright—Radium, did you have radium?

C. Mathews—Yes, on the hands of my watch.

Try A Can of
ROSE APPLES
With Your Next Salad



Geo. A. Shields
PHONES 60 and 194

Compliments of
Central Drug Store



229 HURON AVENUE

*You will be tickled to invite
me to your next blow-out*



"DOC" WARD
Tire Specialist

The Chamber of Commerce is next door

*Have your next suit made
to your measure*



\$30 \$35 \$40



James H. Haslett

221 Huron Ave.

2nd Floor

THE KODAK STORE

We have an endless variety of beautiful and useful articles that are eminently appropriate for "Gifts for Graduates"



Memory Books
Graduation Books and Cards
Conklin Fountain Pens
Eversharp Pencils
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Kodak Albums
Tennis Rackets



Books of every description, Poetry in beautiful bindings, Travel, Biography, Art and all the latest fictions.



David MacTaggart Co.

Booksellers and Stationers
Sporting Goods

S T U D E N T

Miss Woodward—"Who is making all the noise downstairs?"

F. St. Denis—"It's the pneumatic club."

Andrew Smith—"I say, Maynard, would you kindly lend me your green tie this evening?"

Maynard Smith—"Why certainly Andy, but why all the fomality?"

Andrew Smith—"I can't find it."

H. Fenner—"What is the Spanish word for 'one'?"

Miss French—"Uno."

H. Fenner—"Well, maybe I do but I can't think of it now."



*Choice Cut Flowers, Corsage
and Arm Bouquets*

"Say it with Flowers"

323 Huron Avenue

Telephone 606

Lakeside Greenhouse 257-J

QUALITY APPAREL FOR THE FAMILY

HIGER'S

PORT HURON STYLE CENTER

The Best Gift

THERE is nothing you can give that is so personal as your photograph.

Throughout the years, the photograph you give will stand as a reminder of your loving thoughtfulness.

No portrait is so completely satisfying as one made by a professional photographer.

THE ISRAEL STUDIO

515 Wall Street

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BUSH & LANE PIANO CO.
5 2 5 W A T E R S T R E E T

Music When You Want It

*'The Player for
the Ages.'*

from the CECILIAN

*It Pays to Buy the Best Player Known
That's the Bush & Lane CECILIAN*

Wulfman—(Looking at Cady's comb with half the teeth missing)—“Somebody must have been sawing on a block of wood with this.”

Cady—“Yeh! Gavin Brown was just using it.”

Senior—“Whatcha gonna be when you get through Port Huron High?”

Freshie—“An old man.”

ANNETTE HAIR SHOP
509 WATER STREET

Girls! Pay the Annette Shop a visit and look your prettiest
for the June Hop

PHONE 2539-J FOR YOUR APPOINTMENTS

MARCELLING

SHAMPOOING

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S T U D E N T

It Has A Smack That Others Lack

CARLISLE'S

SUPREME

ICE CREAM

"WE MAKE THE ESKIMO PIE"

CARLISLE ICE CREAM COMPANY.

Powell & VanNorman

PRINTING--*the better kind*

Telephone 2487

Water Street

S T U D E N T

Graduating Days Are Coming

And Your Thoughts Will Be Turning To Things To Wear

WE ARE FEATURING TIMELY NECESSITIES

Commencement Dresses, Imported Dotted Swisses and French Organdies in all the Newest Shades

GIFT NOVELTIES

Silk Gloves, Silk Hosiery, Florentine Neck-Chains and Broaches, Hand Carved Ivory Neck-Chains, Beads, Ear-rings, Hair Ornaments and Neckwear

EICHHORN & HOGAN

FINE DRY GOODS

"Nat." Moore—"You interest me strangely as no man has before."

Fred. Sturmer—"You sprung that on me last night."

N. Moore—"Oh, was that you?"

R. Wonderlic—"I see you have your arm in a sling, broken it?"

O. Bond—"Yes."

R. W.—"Met with an accident?"

O. B.—"No, broke it trying to pat myself on the back."

R. W.—"Gosh, what for?"

O. B.—"For minding my own business."

METROPOLE CANDY SHOPPE



JOHNSTON and THORPE
CHOCOLATES

Sodas - Sundaes - Soft Drinks

"COME IN AFTER THE SHOW"

Huron at Broad

S T U D E N T

Weyhing Bros. Mfg. Company

"JEWELRYMEN OF THE BETTER KIND"

*Makers of the Port Huron High School
Class Pins and Rings*



MICHIGAN'S LARGEST
CLASS PIN AND RING
MANUFACTURERS

Weyhing Gold and Silver are of Dependable Quality

*Special Designs and prices cheerfully
submitted on request*

*Die Stamping Dept.
Gratiot and McDougall*

*Main Office and Salesroom
1507 Woodward Avenue 3rd floor Annis
Fur Bldg., Cor. Clifford and Woodward*

DETROIT, MICH.

*He held a hammer
in his hand*

— and knocked and knocked to beat the band. His knocking never took an end — he even knocked his closest friend. He kept on knocking every soul until his hand lost its control, and then the strangest thing took place — his hammer slammed him in the face. That knock was certainly no fun. It was a hard and solid one. He may recover — no one cares. His suffering alone he bears. So if you have a hammer now, get rid of it at once somehow, and boost, that isn't hard to do. All those you boost will soon boost you.

*Port Huron
Chamber of Commerce*

S T U D E N T



Hand Tailored Clothes of Individuality



HENRY H. HALPERIN

418 Huron Ave.

FAIRY FISH
MARKET

"Fresh Fish"

CLARE PRATT
PROP.

TAXI SERVICE

"We call for and deliver"

Pine Grove Ave. Route

"NAT" MOORE



Metropole Hotel
EUROPEAN

Opposite City Hall

Running
Water

Baths

Barber Shop and Restaurant in
Connection

S T U D E N T

You Students——

That have been favoring us with your business, either direct or through your parents, are deserving of at least a healthy "thank you". We want you to feel that we appreciate your favors and will continue to do our utmost to serve you with quality merchandise here in Port Huron and away to college. :: :: ::

Cochrane Dry Goods Company

Per C. S. COCHRANE.

Pioneer Boiler Works

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Coffee is good Coffee!

U. S. HAT CLEANING SHOP

We make your old hat look like new

SHOE SHINE :: SHOE REPAIR

305 Huron Avenue

Detroit Tea Store

332 Huron Avenue

George J. Smith, D. C.

Tel. 2444 or 1286-F1

1013½ Military St.

Port Huron, Michigan

Autographs

THE DEPARTMENT STORE

HAVE you ever realized how necessary a DEPARTMENT STORE is to the community? How well it Serves the needs of the people?

AN institution privately owned, yet giving service equalled only by the public service corporations. It supplies the wants of the entire populace, yet only shows a PROFIT of LESS THAN TWO CENTS on every dollar it receives.

THE J. B. SPERRY COMPANY is a splendid example of what department stores have accomplished in distributing merchandise at small cost to the consumer.

THOUSANDS of necessary articles; gathered from the world's greatest markets, and ECONOMICALLY PLACED ON SALE UNDER ONE ROOF.

ONLY in department stores will you find organizations extensive enough to render such vast service.

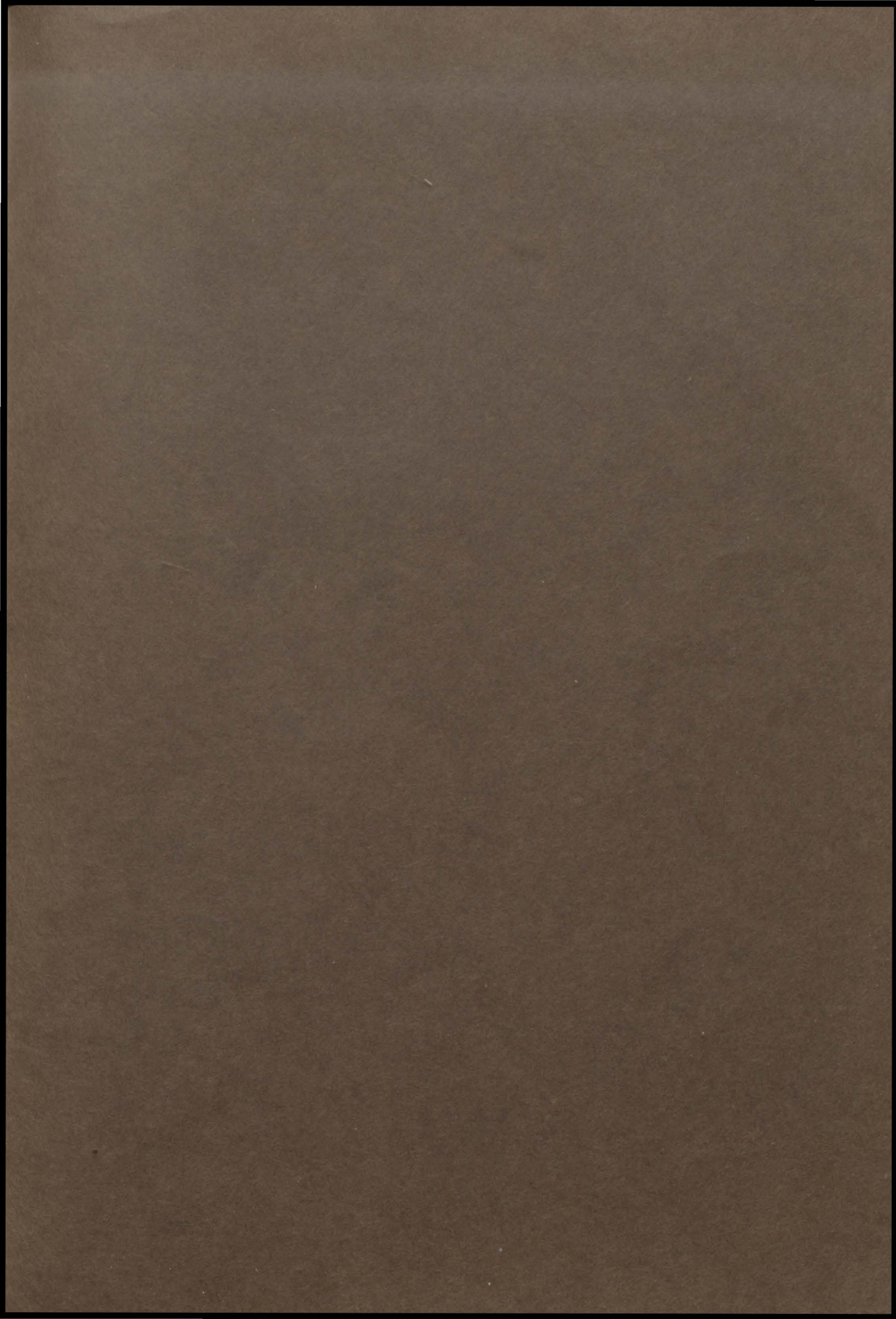
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